

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 6,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO NOVEMBER 9, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commissioner

Price, 5 Cents



THE BIRTH OF A REVIVAL.

(See article on page 1.)

Landed Me in the Gutter.

"After that, of course, I couldn't go back to the Shelter, however much I wanted to, and then I fell in with that there gang I was telling you about, and was sent to the island."

Billy sat silent for a moment; then he resumed:

"And that's what I have come to see you 'bout today, Cap. I know you thought I came to strike you for a pair of trousers or an old overcoat, or something warm to eat; but, at though I haven't tasted food for nearly two days, I couldn't eat now if you offered me beefsteak an' onions. You see, while on the island, I met another chum of mine, Harry Judge, the Student, as we called him, because his father was jailor in a schoolhouse up Harlem way. He told me about that same Billy the Boozie—that he was on the level, and no bluff; that he had gone to the Shelter to do as he had said, but the call saved and converted, and had nothing drunk, nor smoked, nor done anything wrong, and that he had even made friends with the police—him that the coppers couldn't no more catch than the Statute of Liberty. So when he stood up that night, he didn't do it to break up the congregation, as I thought, but simply to speak out what had happened to him, like you people always do, you know. How that break of mine has worried me I can't tell you, Cap. For, honest, they ain't no one ever treated me like you people have, before or since, and, holy smoke! that was a nice way I showed my gratefulness—knocking down your people and disturbing your sacraments, wasn't it, Cap? Now, if you, perhaps, could speak a word for me—do you think they'll forgive me if you asked 'em?"

I looked at Billy inquisitively; not that I doubted his sincerity, exactly; but as we've not always shown to recognize God's miracles? He noticed my glance, and again his expressive eyes were glistening with tears.

"I suppose I can't expect you to believe me straight off," he said, "but I might give me a chance to prove I mean what I say."

Two days after our conversation Ginger Billy was saved in the Army Shelter, and in a week he entered, through the door of steady employment, the realm of organized society, and is now the happy architect of a earthly career and a heavenly mansion.

THE RIGHT WIND.

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."—Ps. cxlv. 9.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me.

Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every port past,
Within His sheltered haven at last.

When whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Mason.

On King Edward's Sandringham estate no public houses are allowed. The tonnage of the vessels of the British Empire exceed fifteen million tons.

Bananas with purple leaves and endless fruit have been introduced to British conservatories.

A turbine steamer, in course of construction, is expected to cross from Dover to Calais in 35 minutes.

Orders for four large steamers of 100 tons each, has been placed on the line by Newcastle and London firms.

The "Charity" of Poverty.

"The Liberal Soul shall Wax Fat,
and He that Watereth shall be
Watered also Himself."

There is no question but that work done in the interest of others, irrespective of the considerations of personal gain, brings its own reward in this life, as well as in the life that is to come.

The fact is beautifully illustrated by the following touching little story, which was related by the chairman of one of the General's meetings in Bolton, some four years ago. Amidst the applause of two thousand people the chairman, an ironmaster of the neighborhood, said:

"Some time back I was passing through the streets of Liverpool. It was a cold, raw, wintry day; the roads were ankle-deep in an unpleasant mixture of mud and ice, and battling through it all there came along a little procession of ragged, haggard, and hungry-looking boys. Splash, splash, they went on through the freezing slush, at every step making the onlookers shudder, as they stood by in their comfortable garb. In the front rank there was a little fellow who was little more than a bag of bones, half-mad, bare-footed, his whole frame shivering every time he had to put his foot into the melting snow.

"All at once there came a big boy from several ranks behind, and, stooping down, he bade the little fellow put his arms around his neck, and lifting him on his shoulders, he took his perished feet each in one of his hands, to warm them, and jogged along with his burden.

"I was moved," said the speaker, "at the sight, and went up to the boy, and spoke kindly to him about his action, and he replied, in his Lancashire brogue, 'Aye, aye, sir, two feet in the cold slush are better than four.' After a bit, I offered to carry the little boy myself, but the honest fellow shook his head, and said, 'Nay, nay, mister; I winna part with him. I can carry him; and he's warming my back.'"

The journey of life is very rugged and slushy for some, and they limp and falter through its difficulties, with pains and privation. It is quite true that it is by their own folly that many have got into the slushy part of the way, but that will not affect the reward which will be yours if you will extend to them a helping hand; and such acts, however small, if done in the interest of the needy one, will warm your heart and bring you great peace of soul.—Social Gazette.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

By LIEUT. NELLIE STATA.

In Mark xii. 33, you'll find them,
Spoken by our blessed Lord,
Telling what to do to enter
In that home by Him prepared.
Though I had so often read them,
Thought I understood them, too,
Still God brought them to my notice
In a light quite clear and new.

I was dreaming of a meeting,
Held to seek and save the lost;
God had spoken to a sinner,
Saying, "Follow at all cost."
When the door was opened roughly,
And a form was standing there—
One I loved to true and dearly;
Ah! his looks my heart did tear.

'Twas, it seemed to me, a brother
Who I'd thought was one with me
In the fight 'gainst sin and darkness,
Striving sinners to set free;
But his eyes were dazed and senseless,
And he seemed about to fall;
'Twas the drink I thought possessed him,
Who'd once given God his all.

Not can I forget the vision,
'Twas so awful to my view;
As I cried, "O God, it can't be,
He was once so good and true!"
And my agony none could measure,
As I sadly saw his loss,
Saw his soul had lost its treasure,
And he'd wandered from the cross.

How I prayed and pleaded for him,
Asking God to bring him back.
Place his feet, in sin now staying,
Once more on the heavenly track.
And, while praying, I awakened,
And, praise God, 'twas but a dream.
And the soul I thought had fallen,
Still was firm and true to Him.

'Twas then He harked home the message:
"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
Showed me other souls were dying,
Needing love, and prayer, and help;
And, since He has saved our loved ones,
Let us practice what we preach,
And go out for those who've drifted,
Seemingly beyond love's reach.

If it were "our own" in danger,
Oh, how quickly we would move,
Every thought, and word, and action
Thrilling with a burning love;
Eager to convince of folly,
And to show our Jesus' power,

Till the one so dear unto us
Should return, to sin no more.

Oh, my comrades, let us love them,
Those who, perhaps, have none to pray
For them to the tender Father,
From Whom they have gone astray.
They are someone's loved ones surely,
And, perhaps, upon their heads
Many a tear was shed in blessing,
By a mother, long since dead.

Christ is still as true and faithful,
And His promise still remains;
If we ask He'll gladly hear us,
And save those His blood redeemed.
Let us give our lives for others,
Ever seeking so to be
That, when He returns to judge us,
He may say, "'Twas done to Me."

The weekly cost of the war in South Africa is now about 1½ millions.

Items of Interest.

Until the year 1821 the word "donkey" was only used in slang dictionaries.

For 74 men who die by accident, only 26 women are so killed.

It is stated that Earl Russell will, when released from Holloway, settle in America, and take out letters of naturalization.

All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard variety of soft water.

There are said to be over 100 varieties of date-palm, all distinguished by their fruit, and the Arabs say that a good housewife may furnish her husband, every day for a month, with a dish of dates differently prepared.

Langholm, the little market-town of Dumfriesshire, near which the Crown Prince of Prussia made his home for a few days, has the distinction of being, perhaps, the only town in the kingdom—certainly one of a few—without a public debt. The town's Treasurer is happy to have a balance of some hundreds of pounds.

170,000 miles of existing submarine cables have cost 50 millions sterling; 662,000 miles of land wire have cost 62 millions sterling.

In the Province of Verona, in Italy, 3,800 people were victims last year of paludism, a disease resembling leprosy, and ending in madness.

The Victoria main dock, London, contains 74 acres. The dock is 1,050 feet wide, it cost £108,000.

Fifty years ago Cornwall supplied 80 per cent. of the world's tin. This has fallen to 7 per cent.

Rice is the easiest of all common foods to digest, and roast veal the most difficult.

In the last 50 years France has converted nine million acres of waste land into forest, which already produces 7½ an acre yearly.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places under penalty of loss of license.

Naples is to have sea baths capable of accommodating 40,000 persons. They are to be supplied with hot and cold water, so that they may be enjoyed at all times of the year.

Most of the world's supply of furs comes from the Russian Empire. The hunters of Russia and Siberia annually capture 3,000,000 ermines, 16,000,000 marmots, and 25,000,000 squirrels.

Norway has a law dealing with cremation. According to the Act, every person over fifty years of age can be cremated after death, if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses.

Three million tons of timber, worth \$4,000,000, are cut every day in the year.

As much as three shillings duty apiece is paid yearly upon 5,700 bottles of patent medicines in England.

Over the British National Telephone wires 616 million messages are sent yearly.

The steepest railway in the world is in Venezuela. One gradient rises 63 feet in the 100.

The value of furniture in the British Isles is a little over 1,100 millions sterling.

The British Post Office made £148,000 out of 32,000 miles of telephone wire last year.

It costs eight shillings to talk for three minutes over the London to Paris telephone.

Of the 164,000 foreigners who reside in Paris, 45,000 are Belgian, 11,000 British.

Norway owns 325 different submarine cables, but their combined length is only 324 miles.

Twenty-two thousand dogs are kept for hunting in the United Kingdom. Of these, nearly 16,000 are foxhounds.

The world grows 154 million acres of wheat, 115 million acres of rye, and 108 million acres of maize.



"Two feet in the cold slush are better than four."

THINGS TO BE SETTLED ONCE FOR ALL.

THE Salvation Army believes in a salvation, a consecration, a sanctification, which are to be accepted and accomplished, once for all. Not, as some people, strangely blind to the facts of spiritual life and decay all around them, teach salvation which once accorded us, we are powerless to fling away, morally incapable of tramping on. Not in the possibility of such a consecration as contradicts the statement that "the more we see how much God has for us to be and do, the more need for us to be eternally re-presenting ourselves and our all to His service and Himself." Not such a sanctification as cannot be strengthened and established, after it is "perfect" or entire. But it does believe in a salvation whose glorious assurance

Need Never be Lost

for one moment: in a consecration which, from its very beginning, sees "fresh sacrifices" only to spring with them to the altar; in a sanctification which is, thank God, a growing thing, and not a decaying thing, as by all laws of nature, a thing capable of growth which stops growing for an instant must, in that instant, inevitably become.

Too many people, saved, sanctified, fully expecting to be glorified, waste strength and energy which ought to be given to growth, in puzzling over things which should have been settled, once for all, when they gave themselves wholly up to God.

Certain Facts You Must Accept Once for All

which many a soul puzzles over in every fresh crisis to the very end. Once for all, accept the fact that you must expect to be reckoned "unnatural." Jesus Christ came into the world simply to make it possible for you and me to overcome what we call our "natures," and be new, incorruptible creatures in Him. And yet, for all the nineteen hundred years that the story of His life and death has been so broadcast in the world, there is no reproach of which His people seem more afraid than "Such a life is not natural." "Human nature revolts from asceticism." "It isn't nature to do thus and so."

Certainly not. "Nature" is often only another phrase for what Bible and prayer-book call "the flesh." "We that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts," which means simply that we have left off thinking we ought to do what we like, and, instead,

Like to do What We Ought.

Not merely those case-loving, excitement-craving faculties, which "our lower nature" are to be conquered—many philosophy alone would teach us that—but those pure, sweet instincts which are meant in the first instance to lift us heavenward, often have to be trodden on before we can reach the next round of the "golden, skyward stair." Nature would have no foreign missionaries—leave no friends for conscience's sake—never do violence to itself that peace might be upon the Israel of God.

Once for all, settle it that there is much earthly knowledge whose attainment or retention is incompatible with that deep, wide, store of Divine knowledge which may be yours. "My son," wrote the saintly Thomas à Kempis, "In Many Things it is Thy Duty to be ignorant."

The tree of knowledge of good and evil was "good for food, a delight to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise," yet not to be eaten by God's people. Here, then, are the lines which are not to govern Christian knowledge.

(1) Instruction which necessitates knowledge of evil as well as of good is not to be sought simply because it is "good for food," or will be useful in helping us "on in the world."

(2) Or because it is "a delight to the eyes," as is the case with much art and literature study, which cannot help, and must hinder God's pure reign in our own souls and in the world around us.

(3) Nor because we must possess it to be reckoned "well educated." It is our part to set up a fresh standard

of education for God's children, quite distinct from that of school boards and university faculties!

And that tree of the knowledge of good and evil brings to us a fresh point. You will always be finding, or stumbling upon, or having offensively pointed out to you,

Difficulties in Your Bible.

Deal with them on the "once for all" plan, as did an officer whose diary lies open before us at a page so fit that we can but copy it here, re-reading from opening up his special difficulty of others who, perhaps, do not encounter it.

"Once for all! Genesis is very difficult for me—I admit it. I don't pretend to understand this. For the usefulness of that part of the record. But I do know God, and I do trust Him, and I do believe the Bible is His book, inspired, and guided, and lighted by His Spirit for each successive generation, and for each individual man who turns to it to learn His will, and I can trust Him that the things in it, which are hard for me to interpret, have their message and meaning for other souls at other times. He knows what to inspire and what to keep, and how and when and to whom to interpret.

"How long it was before I saw beauty or reasonableness in the incarnation! Didn't I wait and pray a year over the question of the Lord's Supper, and then see in the Bible how God meant me to look at it, clear as daylight? It's joy, and peace, and common sense to put the

fact into my God's hands."

Face the fact, once for all, that you will

Never Have Time for Much Prayer unless you make it. The temptation of "too busy" with secular work is easily met. But your circumstances will always be against you in this direction! If you live at home, or in lodgings, or almost anywhere, somebody will be sure to object to your sitting up late, or getting up early, to be undisturbed alone with God. If you are ill or tired, and so have more leisure, Satan will be sure to suggest the sin of exhausting yourself by what Frances Power Cobbe calls "the awful communion of intensest prayer."

But

The Sublimest Temptation of All comes to those who are busy every day, and all day long, with work for God. "Laborare est orare" (To labor is to pray) is a truth which needs careful handling. Seeking God's help in our work is a very different thing, in the long run, from seeking God for Himself, and

"Losing self in a glorious aim."

is easily mistaken for losing self in Christ. The temptations to miss sight of God and to loosen our personal hold on Him in our eagerness to do His work are as real as, put into blunt English, they are absurd. Some of us, notwithstanding the absurdity, spend, in planning how to get other people to pray, time which might better be spent in praying. The rule we have heard laid down, "Reckon yourself safe so long as you wish to pray," is not one of God's rules. "Praying always" is, once for all, the only way to "fail not," and what "always" means to somebody else may not be true for you. If Luther's rule of three hours' prayer to a day's hard work won't enable you to go through it serene and untroubled, take six, regardless of health or convenience, those two great stumbling-blocks set up in the road to captivity!

Once for all!

Suffering is Part of God's Appointed Plan for You.

The sooner you believe that and stop puzzling with the saintly Mrs. Fletcher—who, by the way, seems never to have achieved it—over the possibility of such a union with Christ as shall exclude sorrow, the better. Unless, indeed, you make a fine distinction between sorrow and suffering. "Sorrow" has in it a purely personal element, and personal pain is largely shut out from a sanctified life. Where pride does not exist to be wounded, and temper is none to ruffle, and self is too dead to recognize disappoint-

ment, many gates of anguish are barred. But many there are, and are meant to be, flung wide open to the march of pain through the farthest recesses of our nature, in case of those whose deliberate aim is to be made like Him Who bore the weight of a whole world's sin and wickedness.

If you are to be like Him, you must expect to

Suffer for the Sins of Others

as never before; and nothing will delay the perfect work of patience in your soul-building like the restless, agonized questioning, "Did God mean this? Can He choose the innocent to suffer for the guilty?" Your tiny life is only a scrap in His glorious whole. God sees that what might once have made you bitter will, now, only make you strong. The wrong which, inflicted on your friend, would make him lose all his flickering faith in goodness, will only teach you a deeper, tenderer pity for others, wronged like you; and, therefore, God can dare to use you for teaching other people lessons they could only learn through seeing others suffer for their sins.

So, straight to the end, you will, when once "upon your summer fruits and your harvest, the about of the battle is fallen," and much gladness taken away—much

Fresh Capacity for Suffering

added. Wickedness which does not affect you, and which you cannot appreciate help, will weigh you to the earth. A "heart like His" means one which unceasingly makes others' griefs His own.

So settle it, once for all, that God has called you to a path you can only hope to walk in the end, treading, as you must, at every step, upon ambitions, hope, loves, friendships—not, perhaps, wrong in themselves, but not lawful because only what God wills for us is lawful any more for you and me—if, at each step, you endure "as seeing Him Who is invisible," and at the first sight of Whom, through the mists of death, the suffering will end, "once for all," as you manner.

"Yet one effort, by Christ His grace, Then Christ for ever, face to face." S. F. S.

UPSETTIN' SINS.

A negro, one night, in a prayer meeting, earnestly prayed that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," one of the friends said, "you ain't got de hang o' dat ar word. It's 'besettin'," not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," he replied, "if dat's so, it's so; but I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin o' 'toxication, an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin I dunno what am."

Sure enough, the old negro was right; drunkenness is the upsettin' sin, upsetting homes and characters.

FAITH.

Faith is not a byword of believing what we will. Faith is the grasping of ultimate spiritual realities, and it needs to be tested, tried, chastened ere it attain its true balance and proportion, and be worthy to rank with reason as the noblest endowment of mankind. What better, then, for faith than to be confronted each step of its progress by stern, uncompromising doubt? If it be not strong to overcome then let it be worsted, it is not of the stuff to make men free. If it can be driven from its stronghold, this is proof that it never really held the ground which is claimed. Half-faiths are generally the basest of superstitions, and it is the function of criticism to slay them in the interest of man's enlightenment and progress. Hospitals for valueless faith, with drugs to stimulate and thick walls to guard against the breath of any wind of opposition, do not constitute a very lofty ideal of the Kingdom of God. There is, of course, a coward in most of us which dreads the heat and turmoil of the fray, which longs to slink back and lurk in an easy and unquestioning acceptance of Divine Truth. But we would fain believe that there is a man in us, too, which shrinks from no trials of sacrifice in battling for the noblest ends. Difficulty may always be construed in terms of opportunity, and only the craven accounts it the synonym of defeat.—W. L. Roberts.

JESUS LIFTED UP.

(To our frontispiece.)

THAT Jesus lifted up will draw men unto Him is a statement often proved.

In the time of the Inquisition a printer had been thrown into prison for heresy, because he had dared to declare rather the conviction of his conscience than to consent, if even by silence, to the abomination practiced by a corrupted church. He was herded with criminals of the deepest dye, one of them being under sentence of death. Pollution, physicality and morally, was around him; cursing, swearing, and scoffing were the natural expressions of his depraved fellows. He who had thundered against hypocrites felt at a loss how to preach to the depraved and open sinners. But he felt that he must give expression to his inward conviction, and protest against sin in some manner. So, with a piece of charred stick, he sketched upon the grimy prison wall a picture of Jesus in the arms of His mother. His noble and deeply-spiritual yearning found a mate in his skill, and his sketch was one of marvelous beauty. The chastity and purity seen in the picture preached so powerfully to the beholder that men under its spell became so convicted of their own wickedness that they fell upon their knees crying for mercy. A genuine revival started, and the reform movement initiated in that prison—an ancient castle—included even the turnkeys, and changed the entire countryside, which, to this day, is known as virtuous and deeply religious.

There is no circumstance so depressing or so difficult but which can be turned into a glorious opportunity of lifting up Jesus Christ, and drawing men unto Him. If we stopped grumbling at what we are pleased to term "hard luck" or "unfortunate circumstances," we would often discover in our dark clouds the greatest blessing of usefulness.

"THE SONG THAT HAS NO SOUND."

The calm acceptance of a lowly lot—The greatness that this great world values not—The causes lost—the victories forgot—Are rich chords in "the song that has no sound."

The Life that first climbed up from where it fell—The Discord solved—the curse changed to a spell, Passion transfigured—these things go to swell The triumph of "the song that has no sound." From star-worlds to the stone upon the ground, From where Life issues, back to where 'tis crowned, For him who has the ears to hear, is found The secret of "the song that has no sound." Clifford Harrison.

A printer, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer during working hours, put in the bank the extra amount he would have spent if he had gone to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account, and found he had on deposit \$521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had become drunkards, were worthless, and were discharged.—Woman's Journal.

Life is to be measured by its outflow rather than by its income.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Friedrich II, 1250.—Concluded.

Friedrich II, had been fifteen years absent from Germany since he set out after his election at Mainz. His eldest son, Heinrich, who had been chosen King of the Romans in his infancy, was sent to reign in Germany, even as a mere child, under the care of Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria; but there was so much crime and misrule that, in the Dukedom of Westphalia, Bishop Engelbert revived a strange secret tribunal, called the *Vehmgericht* of Vahne, which is said to have dated from ancient rites around the immemorial. Members were sworn in secretly, and met at night. Judges were chosen from among them, and before them persons were tried for their crimes, and if found guilty were sure to be found hanging on trees, a dagger stuck beneath, and the letters carved, S.S. G.G. (fate, stone, grass, green), the meaning of which no one knew. This Vehm was much dreaded, and did much good in keeping down evil-doers when the regular courts of law were weak.

As Heinrich grew up he became discontented, and thought that his father ought to resign the Empire to him, and only keep Sicily and Apulia. The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria was murdered while taking an evening walk on the bridge of Kelheim, it is said, by an idiot, whom he had teased; but the young King declared that it was by one of the Eastern assassins sent



Some of our Coalle

by his father, and Friedrich and his people suspected Heinrich himself.

So many complaints were sent to the Emperor that he summoned his son and the German princes to a diet at Ravenna, and there tried to set matters straight between them, intending to come back to Germany as soon as he had arranged the affairs of Lombardy; but before he could do so Heinrich broke out into open rebellion, assisted by his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, and laid siege to Wurms. The Kaiser again crossed the Alps, and being joined by all the loyal Germans, soon crushed the rebellion, and forced Heinrich to come and ask pardon. This was at once granted, but the wretched young man was found to be trying to poison his father, and was, therefore, sent as a prisoner to Apulia, and was hauled about from castle to castle there until his death.

Friedrich remained in Germany, and took as a third wife, Isabel, the sister of Henry III. of England, sending a splendid embassy to betroth her, and going to receive her himself at Wurms, where they were married in the presence of four kings and eleven dukes, all sovereign princes. The festivities are said to have been even more splendid than those at his grand



III.—THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

Friedrich II. 1250.—Concluded.

Friedrich II. had been fifteen years absent from Germany since he set out after his election at Mainz. His eldest son, Heinrich, who had been chosen King of the Romans in his infancy, was sent to reign in Germany, even as a mere child, under the care of Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria; but there was so much crime and misrule that, in the Dukedom of Westphalia, Bishop Engelbert revived a strange secret tribunal, called the Vehmgericht of Vehm, which is said to have dated from ancient times around the Rhine. Members were sworn in secretly, and met at night. Judges were chosen from among them, and before them persons were tried for their crimes, and if found guilty were sent to be found hanging on trees, a dagger stuck beneath, and the letters carved, S.S. G.G. (stock, stone, grass, green), the meaning of which no one knew. This Vehm was much dreaded, and did much good in keeping down evil-doers, when the regular courts of law were weak.

As Heinrich grew up he became discontented, and thought that his father ought to resign the Empire to him, and only keep Sicily and Apulia. The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria was murdered while taking an evening walk on the bridge of Rheims. It is said, by an idiot, whom he had teased, but the young King declared that it was by one of the Eastern assassins sent

father's diet at Mainz, and her English attendants were infinitely amazed by the elephants and camels which Friedrich had brought from the East.

Friedrich was called back to Italy by another disturbance in Lombardy, where the cities, with Milan at their head, had formed a league against him. He caused his son Konrad to be elected King of the Romans, and crossed the Alps with his army, and being joined by all the Ghibellines in Northern Italy, he beat the Milanese at Cornuova. They hoped at least to have saved their beloved standard, but there had been heavy rain, the car stuck fast in the bog, and though they tried to carry off its gilt cross and ornaments, the Germans came too fast upon them, and they were forced to leave it in all its beauty. Friedrich had it drawn into Rome in triumph

by an elephant, and placed in the Capitol; but the war was not ended, for Friedrich required the Lombards to submit without making any terms, and they chose rather to defend themselves from city to city.

They knew that the wishes of the Pope were for them, and the Pope was displeased at Konrad, the heir of Sicily, being made King of the Romans, so that the southern Kingdom would be joined to the Empire, contrary to the Emperor's promise. There was another young son of Friedrich, named Heinrich, but called in German Helzel, and in Italian Enzo, a very handsome youth of twenty, whom Friedrich married to Adella, the heiress of Sardinia, and made king of that island. But Sardinia had belonged to Countess Matilda, and Gregory declared it was part of the inheritance

The Birth of a Famous Hymn.

Mr. Sankey's Story of How He Composed "The Ninety and Nine."

In the November issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, Cleveland Moffett tells how the greatest of all sinning evangelists, Ira D. Sankey, came to give the world a hymn that will live long after his voice is stilled. It was during Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain. As they were entering the train at Glasgow, Mr. Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious paper, called "The Christian Age." Looking over it his eyes fell upon some verses, the first two lines of which read thus:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

"Mr. Moody," exclaimed Mr. Sankey, "I have found the hymn that I have been looking for for years."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

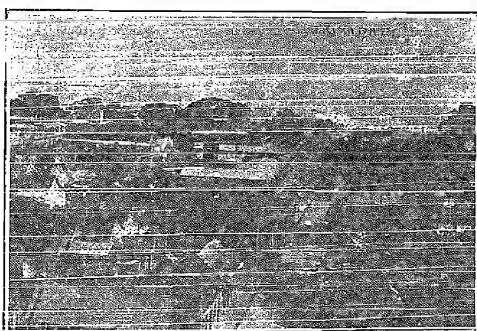
"It's about a lost sheep."

Two days later, in Edinburgh, they had a great meeting in the Free Assembly Hall. As Dr. Monar finished, Mr. Moody leaned over the pulpit and asked the singer if he had not a solo for the occasion. The thought of the verses he had read in the penny paper came to Mr. Sankey's mind, and opening his scrap-book, in which he had pasted the clipping, he placed it before him on the organ, and after a moment of silent supplication, struck a full chord and began to sing. And, note by note, came the now famous song. He composed it as he went along. What he sang was the joy that swelled in his own soul, hope that was born, the love for those who needed help. Thus he finished the first stanza.

Then, as he paused and played a few chords waiting to begin again, the thought came to him, "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first? Can I remember the notes?" And concentrating his mind once more for the effort, he began to sing. So he went on through the five stanzas, and after the services he put the melody in music.

THE OPEN GRAVE.

What a teacher of wisdom is the open grave! What are earthly power, pomp, wealth, estate, but shadows of dreams, and not wakeful realities. Let life only interpret life, its interpretation shall be false, because only partial. We need to complete it the other side—the counterpart of the glamour, the ceremony, the passion, and materialism of superficial being, which this contact with death gives, in the house of mourning, or when we ourselves go down to die. We then demand that "respect, tradition, form, and ceremonious duty" shall all be thrown away, because we then see the naked truth.



Trinidad.

ance of the Church, and could not be given away.

On the very Palm Sunday of 1239 that Friedrich was holding a great tournament at Padua, Gregory excommunicated him again, and accused him of having uttered a most horrid blasphemy. This he denied with all his might, sending in his confession of faith, which agreed with that of all the Christian Church, though there is no doubt that he had a careless, witty tongue. The Pope did not consider that he had cleared himself, and tried to find an Emperor to set up against him; but St. Louis of France did not think he was fairly treated, and would not let any French prince be stirred up to attack him.

(To be continued.)

Meditation is to prayer what study is to learning.

The name of Jesus is the one lever that lifts the world.

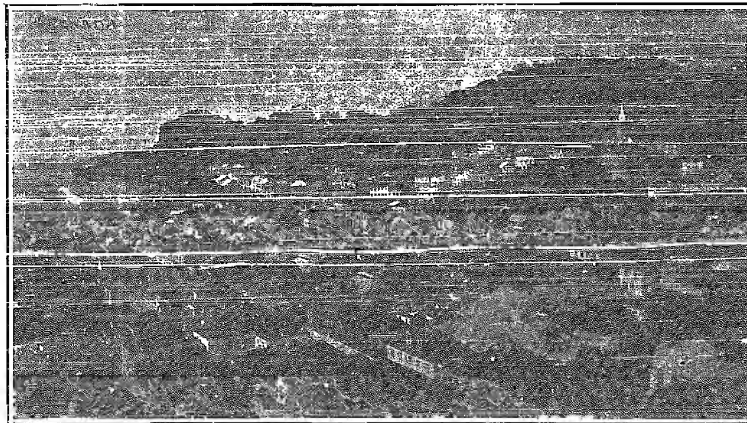
The heavier sins tell the more some boast of their freedom.

Some of our Coolie Comrades of Demarara.

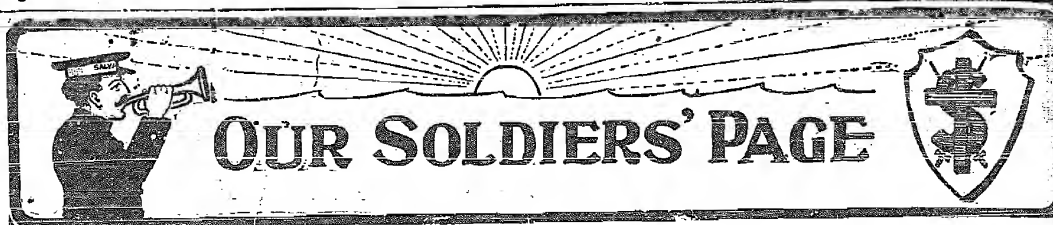
by his father, and Friedrich and his people suspected Heinrich himself.

So many complaints were sent to the Emperor that he summoned his son and the German princes to a diet at Ravenna, and there tried to set matters straight between them, intending to come back to Germany as soon as he had arranged the affairs of Lombardy; but before he could do so Heinrich broke out into open rebellion, assisted by his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, and laid siege to Wurms. The Kaiser again crossed the Alps, and being joined by all the loyal Germans, soon crushed the rebellion, and forced Heinrich to come and ask pardon. This was at once granted, but the wretched young man was bound to be trying to poison his father, and was, therefore, sent as a prisoner to Apulia, and was moved about from castle to castle there until his death.

Friedrich remained in Germany, and took as a third wife, Isabel, the sister of Henry III. of England, sending a splendid embassy to betroth her, and going to receive her himself at Wurms, where they were married in the presence of four kings and eleven dukes, all sovereign princes. The festivities are said to have been even more splendid than those at his grand-



Grenada, where a Corps of our W. I. Territory is located.



Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whether thou gost."—Ecc. ix. 10.

Work is most important for the Christian. There are many who are looking for an opportunity to do great things, or something that appears great to the world. But our text points out the importance of doing with our might whatever our hand findeth. That is, the little duties which lie nearest to us, trying to cheer the drooping, speaking words of comfort to the oppressed, and warning faithfully the unsaved, making the most of our present opportunities.

MONDAY.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."—Jude xiv.

Here we find no room to doubt the ability of God. "Able to keep you from falling," in any circumstance, in the most severe testing, in the darkest hour. "He is able." Can we not more implicitly trust Him?

The child nestled in his father's arms has no fear about falling. So we, with that same simple trust, should honor our Saviour. Who is not only able to keep us from falling, but to present us faultless before the Father. Oh, this blessed thought. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Let us watch that no spot shall smear our life today.

TUESDAY.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."—Prov. iii. 6.

Acknowledge God—that is, to take God into our everyday life as our partner. Acknowledge His supreme right to rule us, in our thoughts, our motives, our words, our actions, our work. And He shall direct thy paths. The Holy Spirit will guide our footsteps, and we will delight our selves in the ways of the Lord.

WEDNESDAY.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—James i. 12.

Trial first, reward after. How often we query in our minds as to the reason of the furnace of trials through which we are called to pass, but when we hark back ourselves, we can see this is only reasonable, and in accordance with every phase of life. The boy who has for his ambition some high calling, must, before his hopes are realized, have the school-day trials, and after being tried, and tested, he passes his final examination, and receives his (diploma) reward. So it is with the soldier of Jesus Christ, who has been called with a heavenly calling—he must first have his school-days of trial, testing and sore temptation; but he that "endureth" shall receive the (diploma) reward, the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

THURSDAY.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

Spasmodic effort will not satisfy the requirements of God. In this great battle there is no place for the faint-hearted. But we must, in order to

succeed, "set our face like a flint," and persevere in our work for Jesus. By-and-bye we shall reap, and gather into the heavenly garner, precious trophies of grace, which will rise up to call us blessed.

FRIDAY.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

How impossible to work successfully, and fulfil the tasks without physical strength, and in order to have the latter we must necessarily partake of such nutritious elements as will supply nutriment to all parts of the human mechanism. If we cease to eat, we cease to live. What food is to the physical man, prayer is to the spiritual man. Prayer is spiritual food, and yet how many poor souls we find are going hungry for lack of prayer. Praying in secret means an open reward; it develops the spiritual character, and the inner man is

made strong in the strength of God. Oh, for more prayer!

SATURDAY.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."—John ix. 4.

How soon will come the night of death! And how much unfinished work? Time is robbing us of opportunities, and if we do not perform faithfully the present duties which lie in our pathway, there will be small chance of making up for those which we have lost. Oh, let us remember the night is coming. While the day is with us, let us not be slack, but work heartily as unto the Lord, knowing of the Lord we shall receive our reward.

Working for Jesus in sunshine or rain.

Working for Jesus in pleasure or pain.

Knowing the day when man's work is tried.

The work done for Jesus will surely abide.

W. J. W.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

(Continued.)

"But where will you get your preachers, Mr. Booth?" asked a friend one day, when the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission was declaring his intention to open new stations. "Out of the public-houses," was the prompt reply, and, thank God, the boast has been amply justified thousands of times over.

Early Converts.

"Oh," said a charming old woman, in an old-fashioned testimony meeting, "I do bless God for the day, four years ago, when the Army came along, as I stood in the public-house, with my glass of gin before me. Yes it was, dear friends, but, bless God, I want no more of that now. My poor old husband is only a street-sweeper; but, bless the Lord, we are happy. Why, bless you, if I could only sing the same as I feel inside, you would all say I was a nightingale," and certainly the old saint looked it, as under her weight of over three score years, she lifted up her voice and clapped her hands with girlish gladness. "When my husband and me," she added, "had plenty of money, I have known what it was to want. I have known an empty cupboard then; but now, praise God, when he has weeks end of work, I never wanted for anything, and I never begged of anybody, either."

Little Drunken Bill,

of Bethnal Green, was a wretched man indeed. Never to be forgotten was the sight of that poor fellow at the funeral of one of our evangelists, staggering along with some of his drunken companions, as, lost to all sense of decency, they allowed the processionists, heaping reproaches and menaces on the Booth family and the Mission generally, barely restrained by force, again and again, from breaking up the ranks of the mourners.

But ever since the day when Marshall, then a lad of sixteen years of age, by arrangement with the poor drunkard's wife, cornered and almost forced him to his knees in his own home, Little Bill has been an equally prominent champion of the Lord.

The Skeleton Army.

It was against him that the real, original first Skeleton Army was organized, in that most respectable water-place, Weston-Super-Mare. It

was on behalf of Little Bill, whom the magistrates had sent to jail because he would not allow the Skeletons to stop his marching out to proclaim salvation, that we made our first appeal to the courts of the Queen's Bench, and won our first decisive victory against the misapplication of the law. Her Majesty's Judges decided that Little Bill, formerly of the Bethnal Green public-houses, must be allowed to lead as many ex-drunkards and others as he could induce to follow him singing about Jesus through the streets of any place within Her Majesty's dominions.

A Future Leader.

Twenty-five years ago, when our services were first commenced in the town of Wellington, you might have seen, amongst the swearing, drinking young men who came out of the public-houses, from time to time, to sneer and sneer at our open-air meetings, Tom Combs, then only sixteen years of age, but a thoroughly-practiced quill, skittle, and card-player, and gambler. Induced, however, to attend service one evening, the Spirit of God so laid hold of him that he trod from head to foot, and the same night, with two more, sought and found mercy.

The very next night he went to the open-air meeting, and became as thoroughly committed to the war on the Lord's side as he had been on the other. Some time after this, at a meeting held by the Chief of the Staff, he gave himself up altogether to God, and was soon after called out into the Field, where, after some training as a Lieutenant and various other experiences, he went, as Captain, to North Shields, where he encountered desperate opposition, but formed a good corps.

Two thousand people gathered at the station to witness his departure for Newport, where "Happy Tom" soon became notorious enough.

Original Methods of Attracting the People.

It was here that, when he had found it impossible to obtain a congregation in his hall, he got a rope made a noose, put it round Lieut. Payne's neck, and led him round the town during the day, promising to exhibit him at night. From that time the tide turned, a congregation was gained, and sinners saved.

"Happy Tom" has since held some important positions, having been at

the head of the Army's forces in Canada, Australia, and now in the United Kingdom, where, with increased zeal, he is toiling for the salvation of the lost. The following histories of early converts, as told by themselves, will be of interest. Both these comrades are now in heaven.

"At the age of thirteen I went as pot-boy, and remained so until I was sixteen. Here I got the flavor of drink, and I never lost it until I was converted to God, through the blessed words of Bro. L. and Bro. W. spoken in the open-air. When I look back and think how I have been on my poor wife—it was through the drink—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blow, but sometimes the blow first. After I got sober sometimes it would make me ashamed to look at her black eyes but I do thank God there is no fear of black eyes now, for we are very happy together.

(To be continued.)

The Well in the Foundations.

A traveler remarked upon the fact that in the ruins of nearly all the feudal castles of England, you will find somewhere, deep sunk in the foundations, a rubbish-filled well. What does this mean? It means that the owner of the castle always had in the heart of his citadel a pure, never-failing supply of water upon which to depend in case he was besieged by an enemy. He would never have to go outside his fortress to get that chief necessity of life. So it is with the soul that has digged a place deep within itself for the presence of God to enter and fill. That is the well in the foundations of the impregnable life. Not to have to go outside one's self for the water of life—that is the secret of human stability, and peace, and courage. The enemy may come round about us, may cut us off from outside help and resource, but so long as we have that inexhaustible supply of Divine help and comfort within, we can bide his onslaught.

But how many human lives have gone down before the power of evil because they had no continuance of resisting power, no well of Divine strength and comfort deep within themselves. They could resist for a brief season, perhaps, but after that their resources were spent. No soul can conquer evil unless it has the indwelling presence of God to sustain it. All the moral strength, all the proud determination, all the force of righteous habit, are only like no may shingle tubs and pails of water that have been hurriedly brought within the fortress. A few days' siege exhausts them, and then we must yield; there is no other way. Oh, for the well of living water deep down in the foundations, for ever fed by the springs of Divine love! If we had God in the soul, we could not be overcome. Every day the pure, life-giving spirit would be bringing us fresh courage and hope. That is the testimony of all who have fought any enduring triumphant fight with evil. We must be sustained by the conscious presence and help of God. We must have a well of living water in the foundations of our being. Ah! if that well has not yet been sunk in any sin-baiting life, sink it now. Today, ere it shall be too late!—John's Herald.

To widen our life without deepening it is only to weaken it.

When the door of prayer closes on earth it opens on heaven.

It is not less important to push the trolley car along than to get the engine started in the power-house.



CHAP.

"Then said Sam. "Do not forget to planation, to ask Commissioner to c the rest of the Jo "Thank you, my "I had almost f drew up a petition ness meeting, bel it, the first oppo reached its desti answer came back a tion was granted. Then they were speak of their de

Another

"But you cannot attended one of o at Little Fort corp C.: "One of yo L.: "Yes; it is here, but we offer the Captain throu ness meeting, bel he followed by an so none of your be absent on any C.: "But I have ing already. L.: "So had r Pentecost." C.: "I have also as a child, and grown up." L.: "Yet you m with the Holy Gh C.: "Is there a Fort?" L.: "There's

So it was arrang go that evening, they went, and a when they got hal God was indeed le The barracks, g such a fine stru expected to see. try, nor was there. Knights' knockin plain wooden ha seating about 50 more than half present. This w for. The door-c to allow anyone in the knowledge of was not able and testimony to that

Being asked by order was enforce pled. "We wish accord" in our hol unbelief or believe of God, without u who are lumps of They resist the their fathers, and They will not a cannot possibly b any higher bless The meeting w ning of the first The spirit of pray as the hours pass that there was re altar for the fire come down and c Speaking of the wards, both Chris clared that thei from the very beg felt the wonderin Ghost, until they women, forgettin where they were doing, save that immediate presen This is the rep the following we

ALL NIGHT OF F

"We had notho of prayer on the Paul. The Holy c in a wonderful completely overate on the floor, uce of the devil way to their fe professed to re life, among the pilgrims from H testimony of th

PIGGRIMS PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION

By CAPT. COPPERFIELD

SECOND BOOK

CHAPTER X.

Then said Samuel to his mother, "Do not forget to send to Capt. Explanation to ask I.H.Q. to allow the Commissioner to come and conduct us to the rest of the journey."

"Thank you, my son," she replied, "I had almost forgotten." So she drew up a petition, and begged Sergt. Come-to-Stay, the Porter, to forward it by the first opportunity. So it soon reached its destination, and the answer came back saying that the petition was granted.

Then they were glad, and began to speak of their departure.

Another Baptism.

"But you cannot go until you have attended one of our holiness meetings at Little Fort corps," said Sister Love.

C.: "One of your meetings?"

L.: "Yes; it is a good walk from here, but we often go down and help the Captain there. Tonight is holiness meeting, being Friday night, to be followed by an all-night of prayer, so none of your party can afford to be absent on any account whatsoever."

C.: "But I have received many blessings already."

L.: "So had the disciples before Pentecost."

C.: "I have also been baptized once, as a child, and once since I have grown up."

L.: "Yet you need to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

C.: "Is there a baptistry at Little Fort?"

L.: "There's a penitent form."

So it was arranged that they should go that evening, and, praying before they went, and again at the roadside when they got half-way, they felt that God was indeed leading them.

The barracks was far from being such a fine structure as Christiana expected to see. It contained no vestry, nor was there any "alm religious light" knocking about. It was a plain wooden building, capable of seating about 200 people. But not more than half that number were present. This was easily accounted for. The doorkeeper was told not to allow anyone in who did not possess the knowledge of sins forgiven, and was not able and willing to give a testimony to that effect.

Being asked by Christiana why this order was enforced, Sergt. Love replied, "We wish to meet 'with one accord' in our holiness meetings. The unbelief of believers robs the power of God, without us allowing in people who are humiliated and unbelief! They resist the Holy Spirit, as did their fathers, and as do their friends. They will not accept salvation, so cannot possibly believe in, or receive, any higher blessing."

The meeting was from the beginning of the first song, a warm one. The spirit of prayer was present, and, as the house passed by, it was evident that there was really something on the altar for the fire of the Holy Spirit to come down and consume.

Speaking of their experiences afterwards, both Christiana and Mercy declared that their hearts were melted from the very beginning, and that they felt the wonderful presence of the Holy Ghost, until they became as drunken women, forgetting who they were, where they were, or what they were doing, save that they were in the immediate presence of God!

This is the report that appeared in the following week's War Cry:

ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT LITTLE FORT.

"We had another successful all-night of prayer on the 27th, led by Major Paul. The Holy Ghost descended upon us in a wonderful manner. Some were completely overcome, and were prostrate on the floor, much to the annoyance of the devil, who said they 'gave way to their feelings.' Thirty-seven professed to receive the spirit-filled life, among them being a family of pilgrims from Holiness Castle. The testimony of the children, given as

day was dawning, made us all weep for joy. Said a little girl, whose face shone with a new-found light, 'My body has become the temple of the Holy Ghost. I am hid with Christ in God! Henceforth I am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and Him crucified.' Pray for us—Captain and Mrs. Straight-Tin, C.O.s."

Now, I saw, in my dream, that when the inmates of Holiness Castle knew that Christiana had arranged to leave as soon as the Commissioner should arrive (which would be on the following day), they expressed their desire to show them some things that would be profitable for them to remember and think about on their journey. So they took her, and the others, into a small room, and showed them one of the apples that Eve picked and gave to her husband.

Then said Love, "Sin came into the world through so little a thing as that, and millions are in hell in consequence."

Mercy: "It is indeed a little thing

have been caught, and are shortly to be tried."

Then Christiana and Mercy were somewhat afraid; but Matthew said, "Mother, there's nothing to fear, as the Commissioner is with us."

Then Christiana thanked the porter for all the kindness he had shown to her, and here, since they had met. They promised to pray for each other, and said that if they never met on earth again, they hoped to meet in heaven, where partings are no more. The others also bade Sergt. Come-to-stay an affectionate farewell.

Faith and Hope Return.

After a while Faith and Hope had to return, when there was another touching farewell scene. Weeping, kissing, prayer, and praise. So they parted, singing, "God be with you till we meet again!"

Now, I saw, in my dream, that they began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down safely.

"This is the valley," said the Commissioner, "where your husband had that fierce combat with Satan. That fight was the fruit of many slips he got coming down the hill, for they that get slips there must look for combats here. But be of good courage, for you have nothing to fear. Many others besides Christiana have slipped coming down that hill, for it is one of the few hills in this country that is easier to go up than to come down."



Our Headquarters for India, at Bombay.

that has brought about so great a curse."

Jacob's Ladder.

Then they led them to a place where the foot of Jacob's ladder was. They saw angels going up and down.

"Those who go up, go up to stay," said Love; "and those that come down, come down to go up again. Can you tell me why?"

James answered and said, "Because heaven is their home."

Then they led them up to the mount where Abraham offered up Isaac, his son.

"If he had conferred with Sarah he might have discovered," said Faith.

"What a self-denial!" said James.

"Amen!" said Commissioner Pearson, who joined the party at this moment. "Self-denial is the key of the position."

"Amen!" shouted everybody, for they were all delighted to see him; for they remembered how he had overcome the lion-keeper, and had even now come as an answer to their prayers and petition.

Then said the Commissioner to Christiana, "Here's a bundle of the latest foreign War Cry; the last number of the Red Hot Liberty, Love's All the World: this is Victory; and here's a packet of letters from the Chief of the Staff for officers who have been promoted to glory."

So they started on their journey without any further delay, and Faith and Hope went a little way with them. When they came to the gate Christiana asked the porter if any pilgrims had passed lately.

"No," said he, "not since one who passed yesterday, and told me that a robbery had been committed on the highway, down the same road as you are about to go, but the thieves

hardest fight is sometimes caused from a forgotten favor."

When they had passed by this place they came upon the borders of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This valley was longer than the other, and haunted with evil spirits, as many can testify. But as they passed through by daylight, and in fair weather, they got through safely.

In entering this valley, however, they thought they heard the groaning of dying men; they thought, too, that they heard words of lamentation spoken, as by some in very great torment; and cursing and swearing. These things made the children tremble. The women also looked somewhat frightened and pale, but the Commissioner bid them be of good comfort. So they went on a little further, and they thought that they felt the ground shake under them, as if some hollow place was there. They also heard a kind of hissing, as of serpents, but saw nothing. Then said the boys, "Are we not yet near the end of this miserable place?" But the Commissioner told them to walk carefully, lest their feet might slip into some snare.

Now, Matthew began to be sick again, probably through fear; but the Commissioner soon got them all on their knees, and his prayer of faith hauled the one who was sick. Every one felt spiritually refreshed, too. So they went on till they came about the middle of the valley, and then Christiana said, "I fancy I see something upon the road before us, like those evil spirits I've seen drawn in the picture books." As they got nearer to it, she said, "It is really one."

"Well," said the Commissioner, "let them that are most afraid keep close to me."

So the devil (for it was him) came closer, and the Commissioner prepared to give him battle; but when he was just before her, all at once he vanished out of sight. Then they remembered the saying, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN EARNEST.

It was mathematical fervor which kept Newton poring on his problems till the midnight wind swept over his papers the ashes from his long-exhausted fire. It was artistic fervor which kept Reynolds with the pencil in his glowing hand for thirty-six hours together. It was poetic fervor that sustained Dryden in a fortnight's frenzy when composing his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, heedless of privations which he did not so much as perceive. It was classical fervor which, for six successive months, constrained the German scholar, Helne, to allow himself no more than two hours of weekly rest, that he might complete his personal edition of the authors. And it was scientific fervor which dragged the lazy but eloquent French naturalist, Buffon, from bed to his still more beloved studies for many years together. But shall science, with its corruptions, crowns, and the world with its vanities, monopolize this enthusiasm?—Dr. Hamilton.

BURDENS OR WINGS.

In one of Schiller's poems is a beautiful story about the birds, that when they were first created they had no wings; and the story is, that God made the wings, and put them down before the birds, and said, "Now, come and take the burdens you can bear them." The birds had beautiful plumage and voices. They could sing and shine, but they could not soar; but they took up their wing with their shoulders, and laid them upon their backs, and at first they seemed to be a heavy load and rather difficult to bear, but as they cheerfully and patiently bore them and folded them over their hearts, lo! the wings grew fast, and that which they once bore now bore them. The burdens became wings. We are the wingless birds, and our duties are the pinions; and when at first we assume them they seem loads; but if we could only bear them, going after Jesus, the burdens change to pinions, and we, who once thought we were nothing but servants bearing loads, find that we are sons and heirs of God, free to mount up with wings as eagles, flying without being weary, walking without being faint.—Dr. Piersen.



head of the Army's forces in the Kingdom, and now in the Kingdom, where, with his zeal, he is tolling for the ation of the lost. The following ories of early converts, as tell themselves, will be of interest to these comrades who are now in the

At the age of thirteen I went to boy, and remained so until I was ten. Here I got the favor of the Lord, and I never lost it until I was twenty to God, through the blessing of Bro. L. and Bro. W. When I came back and think how I have been my poor wife—it was through the Lord—it makes me ashamed of myself. It was the word and the blood, sometimes the blow first. After it sober sometimes it would make ashamed to look at her black eyes. I do thank God there is no fear of the Lord now, for we are very happy together.

(To be continued.)

The Well in the Foundations.

A traveler remarked upon the fact that in the ruins of nearly all the old castles of England, you will find somewhere, deep sunk in the foundations, a rubbish-filled well, at does this mean? It means that the owner of the castle always had the heart of his castle a never-failing supply of water upon which to depend in case he was besieged by an enemy. He would never go to outside his fortress to get the chief necessity of life, so it is in the soul that has dug a place for itself for the presence of water to enter and fill. That is the well the foundations of the impregnable. Not to have to go outside oneself for the water of life—that is the secret of human stability, and peace of course. The enemy may come and about us, may cut us off from food and help and resource, but so long as we have that inexhaustible supply of living help and comfort within, we bid him defiance.

Think how many human lives have been a down before the power of evil because they had no continuance of living power, no well of Divine strength and comfort deep within themselves. They could resist for a season, perhaps, but after that their resources were spent. No soul can conquer evil unless it has the well of Divine power to sustain it. All the moral strength, all the determination, all the force of the good habit, are only like so many bow tubs and pails of water that are hurriedly brought within the fortress. A few days' siege will sink them, and then we must yield; there is no other way. Oh, for the living water deep down in the foundations, for ever fed by the springs of Divine love! If we had this in the soul, we could not be overcome. Every day the pure, life-giving love would be bringing us fresh strength and hope. That is the test of all who have fought with evil, and that is the only way to win. We must be sustained by the conscious presence and help of God. We must have a well of living water in the foundations of our being. And if we will not yet been sunk in the slough of life, sink it now, for ere it shall be too late!—Zion's Aid.

widen our life without deepening only to weaken it.

When the door of prayer closes on us it opens on heaven.

It is of less importance to push the car along than to get the engine started in the power-house.



PRINTED AT THE WAR CRY, 100, Queen's Quay, Toronto, Ont.

All communications relating to the contents of the WAR CRY, should be addressed to the Editor, at the above address. All communications for publication, should be addressed to the Editor, at the above address. All communications for publication, should be addressed to the Editor, at the above address.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Long to be Captain at Sydney.

Lieut. Redmond to be Captain at Bridgewater.

Cadet Moore, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Bridgewater.

Cadet Parson, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Clark's Harbor.

Cadet Nugent, Yarmouth Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Freeport.

Cadet Riley, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at St. John II.

Cadet Rudland, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at St. John II.

Cadet Ritchie, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at St. John II.

Cadet Fawson, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Chatham, N.B.

Cadet Strohbar, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Truro, N.S.

Cadet Wood, St. John Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Bear River.

Appointments—

ENSIGN SABINE, resting, to Somerset, Bermuda.

ENSIGN McDONALD, resting, to Windsor, N.S.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



Our Nineteenth Anniversary.

The opening of our Anniversary Celebration with the meeting in the Massey Music Hall was a tremendous success. Once again Miss Booth had before her a most representative audience that completely packed the house, and her eloquence and force created a profound impression upon that vast gathering. Those present will not be able to forget the burning truths uttered from the platform, and we certainly believe that, apart from those who openly sought salvation, numerous lives will have received their impulse which leads men to repentance and conversion.

Monday's meeting of welcome to the visiting officers was an equally successful affair, and the officers' council opened, at the time of going to press, with the promise of being radiant with Holy Ghost heat and power. The Commissioner hears the series of councils with a clear brain and in fairly good health, which gives every promise that she will be able to do full justice to her subjects without a regrettable reaction on her physical resources, which are by no means robust.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The Junior and Young People's campaign in Great Britain has been taken up enthusiastically, and promises to give the young people's work a substantial push forward.

The Chief of the Staff's new book, "Battle Axes," is now on the press, and will assuredly prove a great source of inspiration to officers in all lands. It is printed in a clear, readable type, well bound, and full of just that sort of reading matter which the F.O. is most in need of. It is to be sold at a shilling.

Major Edwin is appointed Private Secretary to Commissioner Coombs, and has already taken up his duties enthusiastically.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg and Commissioner Ritchie have paid flying visits to International Headquarters on matters of business in connection with their Territories, and had important conferences with the Chief of the Staff and the Foreign Secretary.

In connection with the Young People's campaign, Commissioner Pollard conducted a special salvation meeting, for children only, at his home (Southend) on a recent Sunday, in which his three eldest children took part.

Staff-Capt. Tracy, of the International Editorial Staff, has just paid her first visit to Paris, on a literary hunt. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg is reported to be looking much better.

The Annual Winter Sale of Work of the Women's Social Department, is announced to take place Oct. 22nd, 23rd and 24th. This year it promises to be unusually attractive. Mrs. Bramwell Booth will probably open it with an "at home" for friends and purchasers, and there will be departmental stalls other than those belonging to the Women's Social Work; and all the goods to be laid out will be at proper sale—not charitable—prices, and will be suitable for all classes, as well as for Christmas presents. The combination should meet with unequalled success.

The Chief of the Staff, though not entirely confined to his house, is still far from well, which has produced a general feeling of deep regret, as many officers have been anticipating that, with the commencement of the Young People's campaign, he would have been, as usual, at the front. The very latest intelligence concerning the Chief is, however, that he seems to be on the turn. But although he is at the office, he is evidently suffering much weakness.

Mrs. Booth's Thursday afternoon business meetings in the Lower Exeter Hall, were begun under very encouraging circumstances. The attendance for the first meeting was far and away beyond what has been usually the case. The interest in holiness is again reviving. Commissioner Howard will be present at the next meeting.

In the ordinary way of things, a prophet may have little honor in his own town or country; but when General Booth visits his native Nottingham, he, at least, is a notable exception, for not only does his "fellow-townsmen" turn out in their thousands to listen to his message, but the Armistice never fails to crown the visit with glorious spiritual results. The late visit of the General was the occasion for a great burst of enthusiasm. From eight to nine hundred soldiers, recruits and ex-Salvationists, gathered in the Mechanics' Hall and listened to the inspiring words of our honored leader. Immense crowds thronged the spacious Albert Hall at each meeting held on Sunday, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. The weeping sinners and backsliders came to Jesus. The General

was assisted by Colonels Lawley, Eadie, and Lieut.-Colonel Hammond. Commissioner Coombs will conduct the Coventry opening. Lady Warwick will take a prominent part in the proceedings, as well as other influential friends.

UNITED STATES.

The first of three Thursday night business gatherings, led by Commander Booth-Tucker, at Memorial Hall, gave good promise for the success of the following gatherings. The Chief Secretary, with the National Staff and Staff Band, took a prominent part. Twenty-two souls were at the altar seeking salvation and the blessing of a clean heart.

The Commander and Consul are announced to visit several important centres in the interests of the great winter campaign.

A number of the officers of the New England Province have formed themselves into a Prayer League, the chief feature of which is the promise to pray one hour each day for each other and the work.

Brigadier Miles, assisted by Brigadier Chandler and a part of the Red-Hot Brigade and the men Cadets, had a Holy Ghost day at New York III. on a recent Sunday. Two souls sought sanctification in the morning meeting, and at night fourteen responded to the call for volunteers for salvation.

The Social work in Boston is making excellent progress. The Salvage Department has shipped several carloads of paper direct to the mills during the past month, and find it considerably more profitable than their former method of disposing of this waste material.

SOUTH AFRICA.

After several years' forced absence from Mashonaland, operations have been recommenced among the natives of the Masao Valley. The Commissioner has recently taken up Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bradley (who have done years of excellent service in Zululand), accompanied by two or three Zulu officers; and we shall, doubtless, be hearing shortly of an ingathering of Mashonas. These Army missionaries have first, however, to get their modest dwellings erected, for in the rebellion of 1895 only the remains of the late Captain Cass' quarters were left standing.

Our native work among the Zulus in South Africa is making great progress.

At last Commissioner Kilbey has succeeded in getting through to Johannesburg. He has been trying for two years, resorting to every possible means to induce the authorities to grant him a permit. But military rule is stern and unbending.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey has just concluded some very successful social meetings in Natal and the Eastern Provinces of Cape Colony.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch has had a time of extreme suffering from blood-poison, and the operation performed will result in the permanent disablement of one of her hands. We are glad to announce that she is now fairly well.

Annual Congresses will shortly be held in several important centres, owing to the difficulties and expense of travelling. Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban are the favored places.

WEST INDIES.

At the close of the present month will commence the Harvest Festival season of the S. A. in the West Indies. Successful results are anticipated.

The transfer of the Territorial Headquarters from Bridgetown to Kingston is now an accomplished fact.

Brigadier Gale has just concluded an important campaign in Demerara and St. Lucia. The welcome demonstrations were hearty and enthusiastic. Enrolments, officers' councils, and a novel East India wedding were among the special features. A number of His Majesty's soldiers were among those enrolled.

The next Training Session commences on January 24th, when a good batch of Cadets are expected to arrive in the Barbadoes Training Garrison.

The inclement weather in Jamaica has proved a great hindrance to our work there. A number of officers have suffered in health, owing to the unusually heavy rainfall.

INDIA.

In South India twelve Cadets (eight boys and four girls) have just entered the Training Home, having come direct from the S. A. Boarding School.

Ensign Kalpan Singh (Andre), native of Sweden, was suddenly promoted to Glory by fever. The Ensign volunteered for service in India in 1900.

From the report published on the health of the city of Madras there seems to be no abatement of the dreaded epidemic, cholera. During the week ending 13th of September, 113 deaths occurred through cholera, and 235 from fever.

Rain is badly wanted in the Telugu Country, and the people entertain grave fears of an impending famine. Crops are beginning to fail, and food-stuffs have gone up in price considerably.

A devil-dancer has got saved at Kadaganawa.

Territorial Newslets

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Adj. Mrs. Langtry, at present matron of the Winnipeg Rescue Home. For some months the health of Mrs. Langtry has been very indifferent and the cause for much concern. When Major and Mrs. Southall left Winnipeg for the Congress the Adjutant was in usual health, but in a few hours she was taken ill, and her life was in the balance. Mrs. Southall at once sped away to her mother's side. We are glad to say that at the time of writing the doctors entertain some hope of Mrs. Langtry's recovery. We feel sure that the prayers of Salvationists throughout the Territory are with our comrades.

Recent developments in the organization of our Newfoundland educational system are very encouraging. During the past few months several new schools have been opened, to which will be added five more at the present change of officers.

One of our St. John's Mtd. Juniors had the honor of assisting in the presentation of some gifts—one of which was a beautiful Newfoundland dog harness, and sent for the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The new Chancellor for the North-West Province will be Staff-Captain Phillips. The Staff-Captain has already gone to his new appointment, his departure having been hastened owing to the necessity of Mrs. Southall's hasty return.

Adj. Wakefield, who has fought with success at the Temple, takes command of the Winnipeg corps. Adj. McAmmond, late of Winnipeg, is appointed to the Temple. A hearty welcome awaits him.

We are pleased to welcome to our midst Staff-Captain and Mrs. Thos. Howell, who will take an appointment directly after the councils.

Nineteenth Anniversary

THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTRICT OFFICERS ARE WELCOME.

The Army's first platform in Canada was the street, and although we can boast of so many splendid buildings in which to hold our meetings and carry on our operations, was a fitting memorial of the years ago that the first shots of our anniversary should be in the open air. 7.15 on Saturday night gave splendid opportunity of letting the citizens of Toronto know that S. A. was

Still a Live Concern.

This was an easy task, for in order to a good muster of the local and a great many Staff and Field officers had already arrived from the North and the West, and the North, South, the P. O's and Chas. were there, and the Headquarters Staff was well represented. A large crowd, and such was the case at the corner of James and Streets, the scene of many an open-air campaign.

Whether it was the evening march, headed by the Temple, or the attraction offered by the array of prominent officers, it is difficult to say, but the Jubilee Halls crowded to the doors for the meeting.

Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, had things well in hand, and assisted in the preliminaries. General Secretary, who led the singing, and Adj. Orchard petitioned the Throne on behalf of the meeting, which, throughout full of interest. A few interesting remarks by the Chief Secretary followed the duet by Brigadier and Staff-Capt. Manton. The

Extended a Warm Welcome to our visitors, on the eve of anniversary. The addresses were representative, and (thanksgiving for a year of our work).

Adj. Orchard believed in living religion, and by way of force to his remarks, told us of an old lady who persisted in attending audibly, when the of her church was preaching. edly was she asked to desist, evidently she was unable to control her feelings, and the "Glory to God" to come. At last she threatened to put her out if the shouting occurred. The next occasion the minister warning to his subject until lady was brimming full of At last she had to give way pent-up feelings, and an ex "Glory to God" was the result. breach of discipline, of course, but he carried bodily out church. As she was being taken down the aisle she again "Glory to God! I am no honored than the Master, for carried into Jerusalem, on I am being carried out on two was forcible, needless to say brought down the house, when the Adjutant added, "some more of them." Of course did not mean the four-footed

The French Work Representative, Captain Cabrit, of the French Work, received a letter from a soldier who was called to for a solo in French. The is a good singer, and evidence

A GRAND BEGINNING.

Nineteenth Anniversary Celebrations Commence Most Promising—Magnificent Meeting in the Massey Music Hall—Five Thousand People Gather to Hear Miss Booth on "Love's Sunset" for the Second Time in Toronto.

THE PROVINCIAL AND DISTRICT OFFICERS ARE WELCOMED.

The Army's first platform in Canada was the street, and although today we can boast of no more splendid buildings in which to hold our meetings and carry on our operations, it was a fitting memorial of nineteen years ago that the first shots of the anniversary should be in the open-air.

7.15 on Saturday night gave us a splendid opportunity of letting the citizens of Toronto know that the S. A. was

Still a Live Concern.

This was an easy task, for in addition to a good number of the local forces, a great many Staff and Field Officers had already arrived from the East and the West, and the North, and the South; the P. O.'s and Chancellors were there, and the Headquarters Staff was well represented. A crowd draws a crowd, and such was the case at the corner of James and Albert Streets, the scene of many a grand open-air campaign.

Whether it was the sweeping march, headed by the Temple Band, or the attraction afforded by such an array of prominent officers, it is difficult to say, but the Jubilee Hall was crowded to the doors for the welcome meeting.

Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, had things well in hand, and was assisted in the preliminaries by the General Secretary, who led the opening song, and Adj. Orchard, who petitioned the Throne on behalf of the meeting, which, throughout, was full of interest. A few introductory remarks by the Chief Secretary followed the duet by Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Stanton.

Extended a Warm Welcome

to our visitors, on the eve of another anniversary. The addresses given were representative, and full of thanksgiving for a year of conquest.

Adj. Orchard believed in a shouting religion, and by way of giving force to his remarks, told us the story of an old lady who persisted in replying audibly, when the minister or her church was preaching. Repeatedly she was asked to desist, but evidently she was unable to control her feelings, and the "Glory to God" had to come. At last the deacons threatened to put her out if a repetition of the shouting occurred. On the next occasion the minister was warning to his subject until the old lady was brimming full of emotion. At last she had to give way to her pent-up feelings, and an extra loud "Glory to God!" was the result. This breach of discipline, of course, could not be overlooked, and resulted in her being carried bodily out of the church. As she was being transported down the aisle she again shouted, "Glory to God!" I am more highly honored than the Master, for He was carried into Jerusalem on one ass, I am being carried out on two." This was forcible, needless to say, and brought down the house, especially when the Adjutant added, "We want some more of them." Of course he did not mean the four-footers.

The French Work Represented.

Captain Cabrit, of the Montreal French Work, received a hearty welcome as she was called to the front for a solo, in French. The Captain is a good singer, and evidently realized the truth of the words of her song.

Not understanding or speaking English, the Captain's testimony was given in her native tongue. Adj. Attwell did remarkably well as interpreter, and any difficulty he had in brushing up his French, which resulted in his prefacing some of the Captain's remarks with "Oh, yes!" only added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Capt. Cabrit realized that although we are not of one tongue, we are all the same family. Two years ago she left her native land and the friends she held dear, to work for the salvation of the French people in Montreal, and although the fight was not easy, she was happy in Jesus.

Ensign Williams, Adj. Scarr, Adj. McHarg, and Staff-Capt. Burditt, all spoke of the power of God unto salvation, and the necessity of being fully consecrated to the saving of a sinful world.

A Bible lesson by Major Turner brought forcible lessons to many hearts. The Major closed with an invitation, having made use of the words of John, when he said, "And the Spirit and the Bride say Come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

The meeting was brought to a close by the Chief Secretary. It was truly a splendid commencement to the meetings to follow.—M.

"LOVE'S SUNSET."

Again the magnificent Massey Hall has been packed to its full capacity, with more than permitted standing-room occupied, while several hundreds were turned away. It was a triumph from point of crowds, but it was a far greater achievement as a meeting, for the Commissioner was at her best.

Before the doors were opened people gathered around the entrance, and before seven o'clock every seat had been taken and people crowded the aisles and other places of vantage for standing-room. The immense audience was an inspiring sight itself. Many people came between seven and half-past, only to be turned away. "No more standing-room" was the oft-repeated sentence of the door-keepers. The audience was very representative.

All Classes and Conditions of Men being present. We were pleased to notice Mayor Howland on the platform, an interested listener, as well as many noted and respected citizens in various parts of the large hall, paying the utmost respectful attention to all that transpired.

Before the hour announced for the beginning, Willie and Pearl, the Commissioner's adopted children, captivated the people with their pretty singing. Willie ventured upon the innovation of accompanying Pearl's singing upon the autoharp, and did it very nicely, too.

The beautiful verses of the Commissioner's

"Think, O Jesus, for what reason," were sung with telling effect by the quartet, Capt. Downey taking the lead with a clear note. Another song of the Commissioner's composition was voiced by Captain Gilliam, from the North-West, who is gifted with a beautiful voice, as well as with the ability to put soul into his singing. He sang

"And yet He will thy sins forgive."

The Commissioner used her harp to accompany the various songs.

The Commissioner's Address.

"Love's Sunset" was not a new

theme to Toronto, the Commissioner having given the address two years ago, but evidently those who had heard that address deeply appreciated the same.

On this occasion Miss Booth had her address entirely revised and many who had listened to her before expressed their opinion that the Commissioner had never been better on any occasion. The subject, of course, is fascinating, and it was as ably handled as it has proved attractive. It was splendid in construction, logical, forcible, eloquent, and complete. It appealed to the intellect, to the imagination, to the sentiments, and to the heart. For over an hour the attention of the vast audience was concentrated upon the speaker. The soft strains of well-known songs which underlined certain illustrations which the Commissioner used had a telling effect. The stories told were happily chosen, and there was scarcely a heart in the vast concourse of people which was not profoundly stirred.

The Commissioner stood the intense strain and exertion involved in such an address wonderfully. Her voice held out to the finish, and she was easily heard throughout the hall.

The platform had been decorated with a fine exhibition of plants, and at the conclusion of the Commissioner's address, while the orchestra played "Rock of Ages," a curtain was unfolded, revealing a beautiful white cross standing out in brilliancy against the sombre background. It was a symbol of the way back to the Lost Paradise of Love, and a number found entrance there that same night.—Ed.

THE TEMPLE MEETING.

From all directions they came—Provincial, District, and Field Officers, and soldiers—until a ring quite large enough to encircle the whole width of Queen St. was formed at the corner of Queen and Yonge on Sunday morning, where an open-air meeting was led by Brigadier Sharpe, the Eastern Provincial Officer, and Staff-Capt. Stanton. The Staff Band, in their bright scarlet uniform, added greatly to the attraction and interest of the service. The Temple Band also were out in full force. Testimonies and appeals by visiting officers, a solo by Capt. McEhene, of St. John, N.B., and a selection by the Staff Band, all went towards making a fitting prelude to the holiness meeting in the Jubilee Hall.

A large crowd greeted the Chief Secretary as he stepped on the platform to conduct this meeting. Every seat was taken, and great interest was manifest throughout the service. The opening song, "Step out on the promise," was lined out by Brigadier Gaskin. The Colonel and Major McMillan prayed for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Male Chorus, composed of members of the Staff Band, sang, "Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge, to an appropriate new tune.

Staff-Capt. Phillips, the newly-appointed Chancellor to Winnipeg, gave utterance to his own heart-felt experience on the lines of holiness. He felt it was good to know our own hearts. He had the experience of a conqueror. He realized that only what is done for God will last, and only he who doeth the will of God abideth for ever. There were no misgivings in his heart; he had the seal of God and the approval of his conscience, and could say, "Perish everything that would not lift me nearer to God."

Brigadier Pugmire sang what is aptly called by the Corps, "The Main Theme," and the whole audience joined in—

"Lead me higher up the mountain, Give me fellowship with Thee; In Thy light I see the fountain, And the blood, it cleanses me."

The Colonel read the 11th chapter of Hebrews; then turning to the two verses in Genesis, regarding the life of Enoch, explained the same in his own original manner, gave us Enoch's testimony, and proceeded to different towns and villages in diligent search for this man Enoch, who walked with God for three hundred years, and his boy, Methuselah. At the Township of Unholy Desire, the village of Vain Glory, respectable Bahytown, and the Disobedient City he called, but Enoch "was not found." At last, when he climbed to the mountain top, that Brigadier Pugmire was singing about, there he beheld him and heard his testimony that "he pleased God." Others were pleased with to come and get this experience. "You do look miserable down there," said the Colonel, "come up on the mountain-top."

Brigadier Pugmire led the prayer meeting, and one after another came forward until eight were seeking a "higher-up religion."

The Afternoon.

The afternoon meeting was full of enthusiasm. The Chief Secretary again had charge of the proceedings. Two large open-air meetings were held previously. The Temple was well filled. Everybody looked happy. And why shouldn't they? The realization of the truth of the opening song, "Round up flows the cleansing river," was sufficient to bring that happy feeling into the heart of every Salvationist and Christian present, of whom there were a large number. Brigadier Gaskin and Major Southall prayed. The Male Chorus sang, "I'm enlisted now," and the Staff Band contributed some excellent music. Different visiting officers were called upon to speak.

Adj. Combs, from Windsor, Ont., testified that he was present at our third anniversary, and had attended sixteen similar gatherings. He was glad he was still a Salvationist.

Adj. Cave, formerly Principal of our Newfoundland day schools, now stationed at Barre, Vt., found joy and peace in the service of God. This was the first time he had had the privilege of attending our Annual Congress.

Staff-Capt. Rawling, Chancellor for the West Ontario Province, was pleased to be present. Over seven years ago the Staff-Captain sought salvation, and was privileged to attend the second Salvation Army anniversary in Canada, when the lot where the present Temple is standing was dedicated to God and the Army. He gave an interesting bit of his experience when he first met the Army in the early days. It was in a small building on Alice St., in the city of Toronto. He was visiting the city, and thought he would go and hear the Army. The door-keeper greeted him with, "You can't come in here to-night; we've had enough of you around here," thinking, evidently, that he was one of a gang who disturbed the meetings. The Staff-Captain, however, pleaded to be allowed in, and at last, on condition that he would sit where he was put, the door-keeper opened the door and proceeded to show him to a seat. He was very much impressed by the testimony of a saved drunkard and his wife. Not long after this the Army came to his home, and he sought salvation.

Major Smeeton, the Provincial Officer for Newfoundland, read the 9th chapter of the Acts, and vividly portrayed the experience of Paul, at the same time pointing out what one man or woman, with one ambition or purpose in life, is able to accomplish. Brigadier Pugmire spoke of the gaps that have been made in our ranks by backsliders, and with an earnest appeal to them to take their place again, the meeting was brought to a close with one, who had never tasted of the love of God, kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.—E. W.

transfer of the Territories from Bridgetown is now an accomplished

er Gale has just concluded a campaign in Demerara. The welcome demerara were hearty and enthusiastic, officers' councils, and East India wedding were special features. A number of Majesty's soldiers were enrolled.

ext Training Section, on a January 24th, when a good Cadets are expected to arrive Barbadoes Training Gat

ment weather in Jamaica, and a great hindrance to our. A number of officers were in health, owing to the heavy rainfall.

INDIA.

India twelve Cadets (eight our girls) have just entered Home, having come at the S. A. Boarding School.

Kalyan Singh (Andre), a native, was suddenly prostrated by fever. The English for service in India is

report published on the the city of Madras there he no abatement of the epidemic, cholera. During ending 14th of September, occurred through cholera, on fever.

badly wanted in the Telugu and the people entertain a of an impending famine, beginning to fall, and food- gone up in price consider

dancer has got saved at was.

Local News.

st to learn of the serious did Mrs. Langtry, at present of the Winnipeg Rescue some months the health ntry has been very (odifer cause for much concern Major and Mrs. Southall as in usual health, but in's she was taken ill, and as in the balance. Mrs. once sped away to her time of writing, the domain some hope of Mrs. recovery. We feel sure that of Salvationists throughout are with our com-

velopments in the organ our Newfoundland education are very encouraging. past few months several s have been opened, to be added five more at the nge of officers.

r St. John's, Nfld., Juniors nor of assisting in the ome gifts—one of which itful Newfoundland dog, cart for the children of nd Duchess of Cornwall

Chancellor for the North will be Staff-Captain he Staff-Captain has al- to his new appointment, e having been hastened necessity of Mrs. South- turn.

refused, who has fought s at the Temple, take f the Winnipeg corps. mond, late of Winnipeg, to the Temple. A hearty its him.

ased to welcome to our Captain and Mrs. Tho. will take an appointment e councils.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT'S PAGE.

Three Precious Souls.
Bridgetown.—After eight months' hard fighting, we have received far-well orders. We are glad to be able to say that our stay here has not been in vain. All glory be to God! We had the joy, last week, of seeing three precious souls seek Christ. They are doing well. Our Harvest Festival was a success.—C. McDonald.

Nine Souls—Great Improvements.
Burk's Falls.—The six-months-old baby-corps is growing fast. We have had quite a revival recently, and many have been captured from the enemy's ranks. We have a large and beautiful hall with a seating capacity of about three hundred, and good crowds attend the meetings. On the occasion of the Major's recent visit there was a steady downpour of rain, but a good crowd came. At the lantern service conducted by Ensign Perry, the hall was filled to overflowing, and the people pronounced it the best service of the kind they had ever seen. The Lieutenant has farrowed to supply at Sturgeon Falls. Nine souls have recently sought salvation. The officers are settling down in good new quarters, and are quite comfortable. The corps also has a few good and drum.—G. Marskell.

They Helped Nobly.
Channel.—We do not see many souls getting saved at present, but we are bawling for a break in the near future. Harvest Festival, which has been the topic for a few weeks, is now a thing of the past, and I am glad to say we smashed our target. The people of Channel are not behind in helping.—E. Ashford, Capt.

Richly Blessed—Several Souls.
Charlottetown.—Sympathy with Bro. and Sister Ingram in the loss of their two young children, and with Sister Mrs. Maybee in the death of her father, aged 103. Charlottetown deputations to St. John Councils, Sisters Maggie Dwyer, Jean Cander, Esquiline Worth, Bro. Job Ward, and "the man who spoiled the music." All of them richly blessed. Several souls since last report. Officers and comrades believing for still greater things in the days to come.—H.

Fourteen Souls Seek Christ.
Dresden.—Before this report reaches the War Cry we shall have to pack our trunk and say good-bye to this place, but thank God our three months' work here has not been in vain. We have had fourteen souls in the fountain, eleven of whom were backsliders. God bless them and make them men and women after His own heart. Next Thursday we are having an extraordinary banquet in the S. A. barracks. Tea will be served from 5 o'clock to 8, after which there will be recitations, reading, singing, etc., and, last, but not least, a speech on "How to be good-looking," by Capt. Jordinson.—L. M.

Good-bye to Faversham Circle.
We have received orders to farwell on Sunday, Oct. 27th, and be ready to proceed to parts at the present time unknown. During our stay we have enjoyed our work very much. Both comrades and outsiders have been very friendly and ready to oblige us at any time. God bless them! Our Self-Denial and Harvest Festival efforts have been a success, and a number of souls have come to Jesus. We have had a visit from Ensign C. A. Perry, with his lantern service, "The S. A. in the Boer War." He was also here over Sunday. Our D. O., Adj. Ogilvie, paid us a visit on Oct. 4th, which was enjoyed by all. We have bought a lot in the centre of the village and intend moving our Faversham barracks onto it for the present, and in the near future to build a new

barracks and quarters. Two weeks ago we enlisted one recruit, and last Sunday two more. Of course, these comrades are of the blood-and-thrust type. Good-bye, Faversham, Ladybank, Henderson, Salem, and Ireland. Thank you all for your kindness, and may God bless you all.—Capt. Calvert and Lieut. Qualie.

Promptness.
Grand Bank.—Harvest Festival is over. The target is surpassed by 25 per cent. Thanks to the energy of the collectors, the liberality of the givers, and the promptness of both. God bless everybody.—E. Burry.

"Kinder Gold."
Grand Forks.—Dear old Ned, tell yer 'bout ther time we're bavin down at ther barracks this week. Kinder gold, but ther soldiers been puttin up a slight harder fight. Crowds middlin all ther week. Teraight ther hall wuz crowded, an we jest simply cow-hopped old Nic an made our hundy fast, but only one feller had put sand ter walk off on leave him even then. So the Lord rewarded him 'cordin ter his faith, an give him a proper salvation. Hallelujah! Lookin forward ter a time when ther Lord will send for a revival. God bless our Army.—Buckskin Brady.

The Priceless Blessing.
Lewiston.—We have had a visit from Mrs. Staff-Captain Taylor, accompanied by her little daughter. We had good meetings, and all who came to hear our leader were delighted with her burning words of truth. One came for the priceless blessing of a clean heart, who, on Monday night, took his stand with us. We are sorry to report Capt. Miller's farewell, after three months' faithful work here. The Captain has had hard fighting, but we thank God for victory. She has our best wishes and prayers.—Wallace Sumpter.

A Great Victory.
Little Bay.—Our H. F. target has been smashed and a number of souls saved. It was a hard battle, but a great victory was won. With such a commander as Lieut. Burry, we are bound to win.—E. M. C.

Pay the Price.
London.—The summer campaign of open-air, etc., was very successful. God has wonderfully blessed us. The Fall and Winter opportunities are now before us, and the meetings are increasing in influence and numbers.

The unsaved are most defiant, standing out in face of light and conviction. We are going in for more holiness, and as a result we feel confident of victory. Several have come to the cross and some have returned to give God thanks, but so many fall because they do not pay the price. The Local Officers and comrades are determined to hold up our hands until the "flood-gates open," and we reap a harvest of souls.—J. McGillivray, Adj.

The D. O.'s Visit.
Midland.—Tt: long-looked-for visit of Adj. and Mrs. Burrows last week, and gone, and left behind an influence for good. We had a banquet and meeting, which went off well. Everybody enjoyed the visit of our District Officers. Mrs. Burrows sang a very beautiful solo, which was much appreciated by the people.—A. Rose, Capt.

Life Experience Meeting.
Musgravetown.—Our soldiers' meetings are times of power, and we have felt much of the presence of the Lord. The holiness meetings are real heart-searching times. On Friday night, while on our knees singing, "Give me a heart like Thine," our dear sister came and gave herself to the Lord. Our meetings are well attended. The folks say it is like the opening times. Thank God for a move in the right direction. Conviction seems to be stamped on many hearts. Last night we had a life-experience meeting, and many told how their lives had been changed by the power of God. Father Steeds, who is now living on borrowed time, said that he always liked the people to shout and dance for the Lord. He often felt like dancing, but he was rather old for this now. This is a happy corps, even the Lieutenant has learned to dance since she came here. God bless her.—W. C. R.

The Prodigal's Return.
New Bay.—God is with us. Much of the Spirit has been felt in our midst during the past summer, and many souls have been converted. On Sunday, Oct. 15th, we had the joy of welcoming home from the ranks of the enemy, Father G. Thompson and Bro. A. Stuckless. Father had been a wanderer for five years, and Bro. Stuckless one year. We had a real happy time over the prodigal's return, and finished with a hallelujah wind-up.—D. B., Capt.

Five Souls Saved.
Orillia.—On Sunday we had the joy

of seeing five souls at Jesus' feet, in our after-meeting a man who had spent a good number of years in the service of the devil, made up his mind that he would start to serve God, and put his pipe and tobacco out on the penitent form, saying that he would give up all for God. We are still believing for more, and the prayer of our hearts is that God may give us souls. The victory is coming. We also had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Burrows. Everyone gave them a good welcome.—M. J. Langridge, Cadet Lieut.

A Revival.
Ottawa.—We rejoice because God has been dealing with the unsaved. A real revival has broken out in our midst, and we have had some good cases of conversion. One, especially, was brought up to serve God by forms and ceremonies, knowing nothing of the Bible or God. His testimony is bright. On Sunday evening Cadet Matthews farrowed for the Training Garrison, Toronto. May God bless him in his new field of labor. We had good meetings all day, and two souls, who had lost their love for God, were restored to His fold again. Also first sought God in the different meetings during the past week.—A. French, Sec.

Pray for Our Comrades.
Picton.—Since last report we have had a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Green, of Deseronto. For some time the Captain and his dear wife were stationed here, and were great blessing to those who knew them. We were very glad to see them again. Ensign Pugh is improving, but sorry to say Capt. Randall has the fever now, and is at the hospital in Kingston. May God bless and cheer her in the presence of our hearts. Mrs. Ensign Pugh helped Capt. Randall with the meetings on Sunday. "Victory" is our motto.—Lillie Love, R. C.

Set Free to Serve.
Fort Hope.—Specials have been the order of the day. Capt. Foote held us a visit, and gave a lantern service, entitled, "Set Free to Serve." Ensign and Mrs. Bloss were also here, and the Ensign gave us a lecture on the Klonike. Both were answers. Last week-end was good. We had crowds, and two souls in the fountain. Praise God!—J. C. H.

Wanderers Return.
Ridgetown.—We are still fighting on and having victory. Praise God! Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Graham, of Thamesville, spent the week-end with us. Had good crowds and grand meetings, and, best of all, one backslider returned to the fold. To God be all the glory!—Mrs. Capt. Huntingdon.

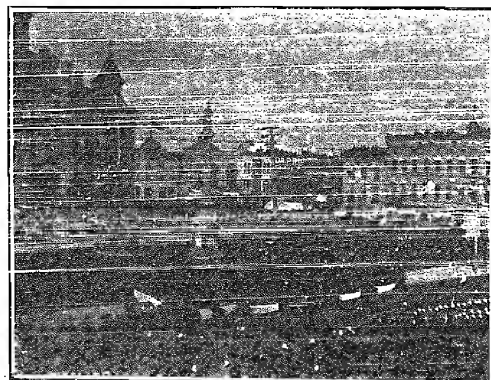
Loved by All.
Riverside.—We had a beautiful time on Sunday at the farwell meeting, though we were sorry to part with our officers, Adj. and Mrs. Walker, who have been with us for some months. They were loved by all the East-Enders. We pray that God will bless them in their new corps. The hall was crowded to the doors.—C. C. McFarley.

Platform Crowded.
Windsor, Ont.—God has been pouring His Spirit out upon us, and souls are being saved almost every week. Our platform is crowded with soldiers and converts. On Sunday afternoon five recruits were enrolled as soldiers under the good old Army flag, the Local Officers were commissioned, and one man was saved. At night we had a good march and open-air, and two more knelt at the Mercy Seat. Glory to God! We're bound to win.—T. Coombs, Adj.

In Great Distress.
Snohomish.—Last night I saw a man, who seemed to be in great distress of mind, and listened to all that was said. He came to the hall, where he sat in vision, listening to the prayer song. After the meeting, I went with him personally, and we he, at one time, had been a preacher, but through the loss of one he loved, he fell into sin. As we pleaded for the Throne of Grace, I saw him victing Spirit up.—Jim, God, he once again laid altar, and God saved him. Prayer is that God may let the best blessing rest on him, and may so forth determined his cross and follow all the grant that more may follow ample. Sunday morning several soldiers from Everett the holiness meeting. In noon we had a grand open-air. Several of the grades soloed, and a fine result. Our collection which was thrown on the willing hearts. We appointed visit of our comrades, and a hearty invitation to God bless Snohomish.—C. noud; Lieut. Malcolm.

The Sunny Island of Somerset.
Somerset.—The Salvation opened fire in the town on Dec. 21st, 1897, under ship of Capt. Whitten Young. Our corps with us to swell, and in a short had a strong band of comrades have been plodding along at the helm since that time. sent three officers—two to the West India Islands, Canada. One, also, has gone to Christchurch in other parts have gone from this corps months ago we had to leave racks and go under canvas about a month's campaigning storm came and blew pieces, so we had to work in the open-air, which trying. That is when we grace sufficient for us. us kept hold of God, and us, and to-day we are in ing called the Eureka. We still determined to fight through for God and so believing for a great victory future.—C. E. Harrison.

Glad Hearts and Happy.
Spokane.—We are ab victory in our Harvest F raise God! Our officers rades worked with a will the time was extended to cessful issue, by the blo we got the victory. We depend on the Spokane p to our help. Quite a n people were away, but worked doubly hard, and were rewarded. Mrs. M is over the serious part though she is still far from We pray that God may strengthen her. Four so this week, and our bes that He may bless our



Presentation of Addresses to the Duke of Cornwall and York in front of the City Hall, Winnipeg.



This photo, published

In Great Distress.

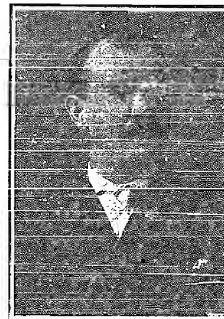
Snobomish.—Last night in the open-air we awoke a nicely-dressed gentleman, who seemed to be in great distress of mind, and listened attentively to all that was said. He followed us to the hall, where he sat in deep conviction, listening to the prayers and song. After the meeting, in speaking with him personally, we found that he, at one time, had been a local preacher, but through the unfaithfulness of one he loved, he fell again in sin. As we pleaded for him at the Throne of Grace, and sent His convicting Spirit upon him, and, thank God, he once again laid all on the altar, and God saved him. Our earnest prayer is that God may let His choicest blessing rest on him, and that he may go forth determined to take up his cross and follow all the way. God grant that more may follow his example. Sunday morning we had several soldiers from Everett with us for the holiness meeting. In the afternoon we had a grand time in the open-air. Several of the Everett comrades joined, and a fine meeting was the result. Our collection was \$5, which was thrown on the drum with willing hearts. We appreciate the visit of our comrades, and give them a hearty invitation to come again. God bless Snobomish.—Capt. Perrenoud; Lieut. Malcolm.

The Sunny Island of Bermuda.

Somerset.—The Salvation Army opened fire in the town of Somerset on Dec. 21st, 1897, under the leadership of Capt. Whitten and Lieut. Young. Our corps with numbers began to swell, and in a short time we had a strong band of converts. We have been plodding along with Christ at the helm since that time. We have sent three officers two-to-day are in the West India Islands, and one in Canada. One, also, has gone to Glory. Christ has, in other parts of the world have gone from this corps. Three months ago we had to leave the barracks and go under canvas. After about a month's camping out a little storm came and blew our tent to pieces, so we had to continue God's work in the open-air, which was very trying. That is when we proved God's grace sufficient for us. The few of us kept hold of God, and He did help us, and to-day we are in a little building called the Eureka Hall. We are still determined to fight the battle through for God and souls, and are believing for a great victory in the future.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Glad Hearts and Happy Lives.

Spokane.—We are able to report victory in our Harvest Festival effort. Praise God! Our officers and comrades worked with a will, and though the time was extended to reach a successful issue, by the blessing of God we got the victory. We can always depend on the Spokane people to come to our help. Quite a number of our people were away, but our officers worked doubly hard, and their labors were rewarded. Mrs. Major Hargrave is over the serious part of her illness, though she is still far from being well. We pray that God may bless and strengthen her. Four souls for Christ this week, and our heart's desire is that He may bless our efforts in a



Bro. and Mrs. Thymne (nee Capt. Vance), recently married at Morrisburg, Ont.



special way. We can praise God that in our corps are some who came weary, worn, and sad, who to-day testify that their hearts are glad and lives happy.—Joe Logan, R. C.

"I Will Fear No Evil."

THE LAST DAYS OF ENSIGN PARKER.

Writing about the sudden promotion to Glory of Ensign Parker, Captain Thompson, who nursed him during the first days of his illness, writes: "From the first time I saw our departed comrade, at the Halifax Council, nearly a year ago, I looked upon him as a good man and an original Salvationist, and always looked to his visit to my corps as a time of blessing. When I met him the last time, at Newcastle, at 2:30 a.m., he told me, as he stepped from the train, that he felt sick, but thought it was only a slight cold. He got his lantern ready for the service, but just after starting, he asked me to finish the service, as he had to go and lie down; still he thought it wasn't anything serious. I went to Chatham the next night and conducted the service for which he had been announced there. When I returned, at 2:30 a.m., my wife had been staying in, and had called the doctor, who pronounced it typhoid fever. From that time I did my best to nurse him; or ten days and nights I never took off my clothes or slept a quarter of an hour at a time. As there was no hospital in the town we closed down our meetings and made everything quiet. After the above-mentioned time I was relieved by a nurse, who was with the Ensign till he died."

Ensign Williams, the D. O., who made all arrangements for the funeral and brought the body to Gravenhurst, where the bereaved relatives live, stated that the Ensign asked, shortly before his death, that the 23rd Psalm be read to him. The words, "Though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," expressed his sentiment, for his Saviour was with him to comfort and sustain. Ensign Williams sends the following comments:

"Through the promotion of Ensign Joseph Parker from the ranks of the Salvation Army here below to the reward of the faithful, we have lost a valuable and much-loved officer. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them,' and while we laid all that was mortal of Ensign Parker in the family plot, in the Gravenhurst Cemetery his work lives on."

"May the lessons learned from our devoted comrade's life and death be a means of encouragement to us to live as he lived, and die at our post."

"The aged father, at the graveside, expressed his gratitude to the Army for the interest they had taken, and the kindness shown in their hour of sorrow and bereavement. Let us pray that God will sustain all the bereaved ones."

POINTS OF COMPARISON.

To the ancients, the earth, as the abode of man, was great in a sense in which it is not great to us. The centre of the universe; that for which, to give it light, the sun, the moon, and the stars shone, it had to them a relative astronomical importance, quite out of keeping with our modern notions. It was a world (an unique distinction), and in their wildest dreams they never imagined another. They had no proper notion of the relative magnitude of the earth and the stars. To them the earth was colossal—the manifold arena of empires and states, vast in extent and importance; but, to us, with our exact knowledge, it is as a lump of matter, a rhythmic atom in unimaginable abysses of space. Monarchs and empires fade quite out of regard. Kings and peasants for comparison with the infinite are equal—both absurdly insignificant, supremely unaccountable, puny and vain.

WEDDING BELLS RING AT MORRISBURG

Considerable excitement and interest has been created at Morrisburg during the past few days by the announcement that a beautiful wedding was to take place at the Salvation Army barracks, on Oct. 15th. Of course there was much speculation as to who the interested parties were, but this was soon made known by the head-bills and tickets, setting forth the name of Ex-Capt. Vance and Bro. James Thymne, of Burlington, Vt.

A nice crowd assembled to witness the ceremony which was conducted by Major Turner.

Capt. Liddell opened the meeting by giving out that beautiful song, "I've found a Friend in Jesus." While this was in progress the bridal party entered. The groom was supported by Capt. Ash, of Perth, while Capt. Magee attended the bride. The Major immediately took charge of the proceedings, and called upon Capt. Ash to pray. God's blessing was invoked upon the ceremony with hearty response from officers and soldiers. After a number of testimonies had been given, Capt. Ash spoke: "Oh, the love that sought me," and Capt. Liddell delivered an appropriate little speech. Capt. Magee next spoke on behalf of the single young women. Of course, she is ever ready to do her utmost to help the single folks. Capt. Ash was next announced to make a speech in defence of the single men, which he did most satisfactorily.

The Major then read the Articles of Marriage, and asked our comrades if they were willing to be married on these lines to stand forth. The "I wills" were distinctly spoken, and the Major pronounced them man and wife. After the Major had prayed, asking God's richest blessing upon this union, the groom saluted the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thymne took their seats well satisfied.

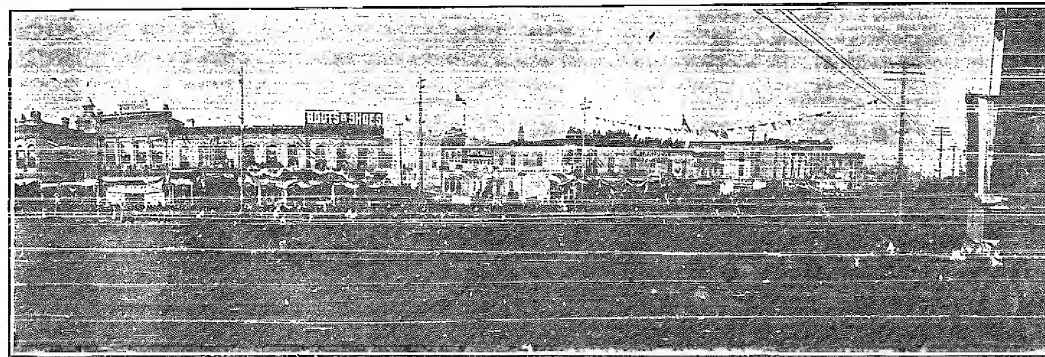
Bro. and Sister Thymne were soon called upon for a few words. Of course, Bro. Thymne was pleased to be present on this happy event, and expressed his determination to make Mrs. Thymne's life happy. Mrs. Thymne expressed her determination to be true to God and to put the interests of His Kingdom first.

Adj. and Mrs. Newman, the newly married couple from Cornwall, arrived on a late train, just in time to see the knot tied. The Adjutant spoke a few words and Mrs. Newman sang a solo. The Major then read from God's word, giving our comrades some good advice, and making an appeal to the unsaved. Adj. Newman prayed, and the meeting was brought to a close.

The bridal party, soldiers, and friends made their way to the quarters, where a wedding supper had been prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Thymne will take up their residence in Burlington, Vt. We wish them God-speed, and pray that they may have a happy voyage over the sea of life.—S. A.

Heartless prayers will find a heedless God.



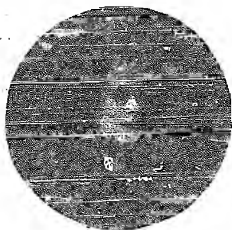
The Ducal Visitors at Winnipeg.

This photo, published by kind permission of F. G. Burgess, Photographer, was taken just as the Royal Carriage passed the S. A. Streamer of Welcome.

"I'll Leave Them in the Hands of Jesus."

MRS. CAPT. CLARK'S DEATH.

As we have previously reported, Mrs. Capt. Clark, of Chatham, N.B., was suddenly promoted to Glory. Ensign Williams informs us that she was already on a fair way to recovery, and had been able to sit up a little while the day previous to her death.



Mrs. Capt. Clark.

The following day she remarked to her husband that she would soon be able to go to the meetings again, and seemed quite cheerful and improving. A little later Capt. Clark noticed her breathing with difficulty, and at once went for the doctor. Before he returned she had died. Captain McEachern was with Mrs. Clark at the time, who, when she realized that she was going, said, "What will my husband and my baby do without me?" Then she added quickly, "I'll leave them in the hands of Jesus," and died. Mrs. Captain Clark, nee Annie Jackson, was a soldier at St. John's, N.B., and had been a successful officer for five years, having held eleven appointments before her marriage to Capt. Clark, on Oct. 18th, 1900. Her baby, of twelve days, has been taken by a relative to be cared for.

We bespeak the prayers of our readers for the bereaved husband, that the consolation of God may be his in this great loss.

From Ingersoll to Heaven

During the afternoon of Friday, Oct. 18th, 1901, our sister-comrade, Mrs. Wm. Scott was a member of the Foresters and Sons of England, and a brief outline of the lives experience will be of interest to many throughout the Canadian, American, English, and other fields.

Rotherham, Yorkshire, Eng., was the birth-place and home of both comrades, and most interesting it is to note that the birth-place of their life-long affection was also there, amid the scenes of early days. The parents of both attended the same chapel, while the boys and girls went regularly to the Sabbath school and "Band of Hope" meetings, where often a word or friendly smile were exchanged. Gradually, but surely, the good comradeship of boy and girl matured into the noble, ideal love and devotion, which has stood the tests of time, and has been ever deepened and enriched by the battles of life. Even in those young days they were

loved to each other, and at length they pledged their truth. The time came when their love would be tested. Bravely—yet smiling through her tears—this true-hearted maiden said farewell to her lover. He was going to cross the ocean, coming to Canada, whither she was soon to follow and become his bride.

Sea Could Not Separate.

Though the broad Atlantic might flow between, its waters could not divide or quench their love. A year passed by, then there was another parting in an English home. Another sea-voyage, then the joyous meeting in the new land. True to his promise, on the day following her arrival the wedding took place, and Bro. and Sister Scott were united for life. This was in 1882. Their home has been a happy one, the abode of joy and peace. A home where God has ever been honored and served.

Bro. Wm. Scott was brought to God in the Army here. There were the two brothers—Brigadier Scott, now of New York, and our comrade. They were saved within twenty-four hours of each other, in Army meetings. Once Bro. and Sister Scott took a Field appointment, but returned after a few months' service, on account of ill health. So here their home was made and Bro. Scott has occupied various positions of trust in the corps, such as Treasurer, Secretary, etc.

Bereavements.

Precious children came to their home, some of whom were indeed "budded on earth to bloom in heaven"—flowers all too tender for the storms of earth; yet one son and one daughter were spared to them. It is a touching circumstance that exactly five years ago from the day of this funeral, our comrades buried their little boy Bertie, after a day's illness. Now mother has her little ones again.

Mrs. Scott was only called upon to bear a few days of intense suffering, then the silver cord was loosed and she was gone. It came so sudden, such a shock to all. Though for we had no fear, our hearts grieved for her husband, for of them it could be said, "They were lovers to the last." Their life was harmony. Dearest some of the sufferer's dearest words she recognized and blessed her dear ones, and among her last treasured words are these: "I'll soon be all right; I'll soon be home." Thus she left us, in the forty-second year of her age.

The Funeral.

The funeral service was led by Major McMillan and Stuart, Captain Rawling. Many hundreds of people from town and country came to show their sympathy and respect. A short service on the home lawn, then the service in the barracks, where the casket stood between the platform and the audience. Beautiful floral tributes were placed upon the casket, one being a wreath sent by one of the lodges of which Bro. Scott is a member. The barracks was packed, and large numbers unable to gain entrance remained outside.

Brigadier Scott had hastened from New York to be present, and stand by his brother in this trying ordeal. Mastering his emotions, by great effort, the Brigadier spoke lovingly of the deceased and her faithfulness to God; also his sympathy for him "who is alone now—yet not alone, for God is with him."

The procession to the cemetery was large, and in the following order: Colors (draped), Officers, Band (with muffled drum), Soldiers marching, Hearse and Mourners' Carriages, Foresters and Sons of England marching, Comrades and Friends in carriages. The streets were lined with sympathizing friends. Then the last solemn service by the open grave, and with full hearts and choking voices we sang "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." Many were in tears. Then Brigadier Scott carried us to God in prayer, prayer which carried Divine comfort and balm to many a sorrowing one, who had graves there, too—prayer that made us see, with him, "a city where there are no graves, a country where there are no funeral processions, no pain, or parting, or death." We came away down the hillside, resting in the sure and certain hope of soon being one of that city's throng. Our tenderest sympathy and prayers are given to Bro. Scott, with Willie and May—Minnie Kennedy.

A Brilliant Send-Off

TO
Commandant and Mrs.
Herbert Booth.

CONVINCING SPEECH BY THE FEDERAL PREMIER.

The relinquishing of the Australian command by the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth was very properly made the occasion of a brilliant function, far-reaching in its influence and effect.

The great meeting, held in the Melbourne Town Hall, was a fitting salute to the fightings and victories of the far-distant leaders who, for five years, have successfully toiled to consolidate and extend the Army's work throughout the Commonwealth.

Ministers of the Commonwealth and State Parliaments, and with each other in outgiving the good work accomplished by the Army, under the Commandant's direction.

The striking addresses of Commandant and Mrs. Booth were listened to by the vast and distinguished audience with close attention, and were greeted from time to time with hearty applause.

"Delighted With This Work."

The Hon. E. Barton, Federal Prime Minister (who presided), delivered a most convincing speech:—

"Your Secretary (Colonel Peart) just now announced that you have that great and thrilling parting that you must undergo with Commandant and Mrs. Booth—the two Commandants. (Applause.) Knowing what a thrilling speech you will presently have from Mr. Booth, I will condense what I have to say into a few words, which will appeal not only to those who are engaged in this work, but will impart some knowledge and information to the public, and will help to show them how I and others are concerned with and delighted in this work."

"It is difficult for any political organization under the auspices of the State, to touch those spots and those hearts which must be touched before the work of social reorganization can be done. It is in the hands of a great Army, like this, to do all these things. It is not in the hands of the State or Commonwealth, because, although the necessity of doing them may appeal alike to both, there happens to be only one way of doing them, and that is to touch the heart of the fallen and desolated. Without huge sums, by way of Government grants, without that kind of monetary assistance, without which we do not seem to be able to do anything on behalf of State or Commonwealth, here is this great organization, depending on the voluntary contributions of the people, and with those doing a work which, in all the history of Christendom, has been unprecedented. (Prolonged applause.)"

"Must Still Go On."

"Why should I fall to give my meed of praise and humble acknowledgment of this great work? What are these things that have been done? You have and among you, for a short period of years, the two Commandants, husband and wife."

"Their work has been magnificent, and has gone so far as to make us feel that it would be capped and crowned now, if it were not for the fact that so long as sorrow, misdoing, and misery exist, this work must still go on."

"No other organization can show so many ramifications as this does, and they are all inspired by one and the same motive, that is, the uplifting and helping of the fallen and helpless. How often it happens that there are anxious friends all over the world, enquiring almost with tears in the ink which they use, for those who have gone away from them many years ago, who, having fallen, cannot be traced. Here is an organization that, gaining only the thanks which await the person who is served, asks to have information given it, and proceeds at once to try and weed out and rescue the wretched being whose friends are only too anxiously waiting his return. (Cheers.)"

"Why need I amplify? Having given you these facts, I must ask you to consider how much of them you owe to Commandant and Mrs. Booth. I ask those of you who have not come under their ministrations to reflect for yourselves."

"I Speak Strongly."

"There can be nothing better than these Army Social Institutions. I speak strongly because I think strongly. I speak strongly because the Army is doing what no other organization has been able to do; and it is more especially as a statesman who must be unsectarian in a country where there is no established religion, that I welcome the existence of an organization which, in its moral aspect is perfect, in its energy is also perfect, and perfect in the work it is doing. I have no more to say than this, that, knowing something of the work of the Commandants who are taking leave of you, I believe that the leave taken of them should not be that of the Salvation Army only, but of the citizens of Australia, who would only be too glad to bear of their early return." (Great applause.)



Mr. Carnegie has offered fifteen thousand dollars toward a public library at Brockville, and seventy-five thousand dollars for a library at Winnipeg.

Mr. W. D. H. Massey, Toronto, succumbed to typhoid fever, on October 29th.

General Hutter has been relieved of the command of the first army corps, and replaced by General French.

The Insurrection in the Philippine Islands is breaking out with renewed force in the island of Samar. Vigorous action is being taken by the U. S. Army to suppress the uprising.

Miss Stone, the American Missionary, who was kidnapped by Bulgarian brigands, has not yet been released.

In searching for gas, a flow of oil was opened at Wheatley, Ont., which at present yields fifty barrels a day.

A train robber was frustrated by the plucky defence of the express messenger, near Eugene, Oregon.

The accounts of the Pan-American Exposition show a deficit of four million dollars.

A Mrs. Taylor went over the Niagara Falls in a barrel, and made the trip successfully without serious injury. She stated that she had been praying all the time while in the barrel, and would not make the trip again for any amount of money.

Natural gas has been struck at Port Hope, Ont.

A French inventor claims to be able to send sixteen telegraph messages over one wire at the same time.

Three more Japanese sailing ships have been taken by a Russian cruiser in prohibited waters.

At Montreal, a Dane murdered a twelve-year-old boy to obtain possession of a few cents.

The Japanese Government has notified Australia that if the offensive emigration bill, unfavorable to the Japanese, is enacted, the Japanese mail steamers will discontinue the service with Australia.

The total strength of the United States army is eighty-four thousand five hundred and thirteen men. Over one-half of these are stationed in the Philippine Islands.

If life is a day-dream death will be a terrible night of reality.

For Cal

THE HYGIENE

CHAPTER XI
TEMPERANCE

Forty Scientific Arguments
the Alcoholic Habit

5. Alcohol is a Poison
Vital properties are present in a general way, vested by a mushroom and any substance which the use of plant is not wholesome for human plant be watered with alcohol, its leaves soon yellow, and the plant dies as one part in one thousand water.

6. Alcohol is a Poison
A tadpole dropped into a tank of alcohol dies in a few minutes. So the writer tried an experiment with some minnows, a minnow into a glass of water. In five seconds over on its back, in ten began to float toward the surface, and in thirty seconds it was dead. I dropped another into pure alcohol it would die in three minutes. Then I put on the table, and it lived seven minutes. I determined the reason for this curious when the minnow was taken it simply died of alcohol. In the first case, where about the strength of a minnow became saturated with alcohol inside as well as taking it in through the gills, died of alcoholic poison.

Willie McQueen,
J. S. Sec. Bro.
Lieut. Crafts.

"Why need I amplify? Having given you these facts, I must ask you to consider how much of them you owe to Commandant and Mrs. Booth. I ask those of you who have not come under their ministrations to reflect for yourselves."

"I Speak Strongly."

"There can be nothing better than these Army Social Institutions. I speak strongly because I think strongly. I speak strongly because the Army is doing what no other organization has been able to do; and it is more especially as a statesman who must be unsectarian in a country where there is no established religion, that I welcome the existence of an organization which, in its moral aspect is perfect, in its energy is also perfect, and perfect in the work it is doing. I have no more to say than this, that, knowing something of the work of the Commandants who are taking leave of you, I believe that the leave taken of them should not be that of the Salvation Army only, but of the citizens of Australia, who would only be too glad to hear of their early return." (Great applause.)

THE WEEK

Mr. Carnegie has offered fifteen thousand dollars toward a public library at Brockville, and seventy-five thousand dollars for a library at Winnipeg.

Mr. W. E. H. Massey, Toronto, succumbed to typhoid fever, on October 19th.

General Buller has been relieved of the command of the first army corps, and replaced by General French.

The insurrection in the Philippine islands is breaking out with renewed force in the island of Samar. Vigorous action is being taken by the U. S. Army to suppress the uprising.

Miss Stone, the American missionary, who was kidnapped by Bulgarian brigands, has not yet been released.

In searching for gas, a flow of oil was opened at Wheatley, Ont., which present yields fifty barrels a day.

A train robber was frustrated by the lucky defence of the express messenger, near Eugene, Oregon.

The accounts of the Pan-American exposition show a deficit of four million dollars.

A Mrs. Taylor went over the Niagara Falls in a barrel, and made the trip successfully without serious injury. She stated that she had been paying all the time while in the barrel, and would not make the trip again for any amount of money.

Natural gas has been struck at Fort Ont.

A French inventor claims to be able to send sixteen telegraphic messages over one wire at the same time.

Three more Japanese sailing ships have been taken by a Russian cruiser prohibited waters.

At Montreal, a Dane murdered a twelve-year-old boy to obtain possession of a few cents.

The Japanese Government has notified Australia that if the offensive migration bill, unfavorable to the Japanese, is enacted, the Japanese mail steamers will discontinue the service with Australia.

The total strength of the United States army is eighty-four thousand and a hundred and thirteen men. Over a half of these are stationed in the Philippine Islands.

If life is a day-dream death will be a terrible night of reality.

THE WAR CRY.

13

* For Band of Love Workers. *

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

CHAPTER XII. TEMPERANCE.

Forty Scientific Arguments Against the Alcoholic Habit.

5. Alcohol is a Poison to Plants.—Vital properties are pretty much the same in a general way, whether manifested by a mushroom or a man; and any substance which will destroy the life of plant is not likely to be wholesome for human beings. If a plant be watered with a solution of alcohol, its leaves soon wither, turn yellow, and the plant dies, even when the proportion of alcohol is so small as one part in one thousand parts of water.

6. Alcohol is a Poison to Animals.—A tadpole dropped into a vessel containing alcohol died in a minute. Leeches, and other small animals, succumb in like manner. Some time ago the writer tried an experiment with small minnows, the following description of which is quoted from a lecture:

"I made an experiment the other day with some minnows. First I put a minnow into a glass containing two teaspoonfuls of alcohol in a half pint of water. In five seconds it turned over on its back, in ten seconds it began to float toward the top, and in sixty seconds it was dead. I thought if I dropped another into a glass of pure alcohol it would die at once. I tried it, and the minnow lived for three minutes. Then I put a minnow on the table, and it lived for six or seven minutes. I determined that the reason for this curious result was that when the minnow was put on the table it simply died of asphyxiation. In the first case, where the fluid was about the strength of small beer, the minnow became saturated with the alcohol inside as well as outside, by taking it in through the gills, and thus died of alcoholic poisoning. In the

second case, the gills closed firmly as soon as the minnow was dropped into the alcohol, and it died because it could not breathe, just as the other one died when laid on the table. This might be taken to show that, in the case of the minnow, at least, moderate drinking is more fatal to longevity than hard drinking."

A New York Journal reports a series of experiments by a French physician, on the influence of alcoholic liquors on fowls, as follows:

"He administered to them brandy and absinthe, and found one and all to take so kindly to their unwelcome stimulants that he was forced to limit each bird to a daily allowance of six cubic centimeters of spirits, or twelve of wine. There was a rapid and general loss of flesh. The experiments were continued until it appeared that two months' abstinence drinking sufficed to kill the strongest fowl, while the brandy drinkers lived four months and a half, and the wine bibbers held on for ten months before they died the drunkard's death."

The eminent Dr. Dujardin Beaumetz, of Paris, has been engaged for some years in conducting experiments on the effect of alcohol on various animals, chiefly pigs, and finds it to be uniformly that of a poison.

A brilliant writer wittily says, "If lower animals were addicted to the drug to one-tenth the degree man is, in a short time there would not remain upon the face of the earth an animal which would be tamable, workable, or eatable."

7. Alcohol is a Poison to Human Beings.—Notwithstanding the apparent impunity with which diluted alcohol, in the form of various liquors, may be taken, pure alcohol is rapidly and certainly fatal when taken into the stomach without dilution. Cases of instant death from drinking a considerable quantity of strong liquor have often been recorded; and numerous cases of death from this cause are constantly occurring in every large city. As we shall show here

after, alcohol in every form is still a poison, the rapidity of its effects being largely determined by the degree of dilution in which it is introduced into the system.

8. Alcohol is a Destructive Agent.—Aside from its poisonous character, using the word in the ordinary sense, alcohol is a destructive agent. When pure, it possesses properties closely allied to those of caustic, and when taken into the mouth occasions an intense burning. Applied directly to the skin, it speedily destroys it. This is exactly what would be expected of any chemical agent possessing such active properties.

9. Alcohol is an Irritant.—The irritating effects of alcohol are readily observed by placing a drop upon a raw surface, or in contact with some sensitive organ, as the eye. Even a very dilute solution will produce intense inflammation. Still more profound, though for the time less sensibly irritating, effects are produced when the alcohol is absorbed into the system and comes in immediate contact with the delicate internal structures of the body.

(To be continued.)

Major Turner's Week-End at Cornwall.

Adj. Newman and Captain Peddell United in Matrimony.

Having heard that an old friend, Adj. Newman by name, was going to be united in matrimony, also being acquainted with his intended, in the State of Vermont, I decided to take in the week-end meetings at Cornwall, conducted by Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Burdett, also see my friend through this most important ordeal.

"All aboard!" shouts the street car conductor, as our train steams into Cornwall station, and off we go. Hark! How beautiful that sounds—"He breaks the power of cancelled sin." The P. O.'s concertina seems to feel that this is God's message to man, and tries to speak the words as well as produce the sound of music. How

Full of Hope for the Despairing is this message, what a limitless fu-

ture of bliss and ecstasy this truth opens up to every fallen soul of man! Oh, that somebody may feel it, is my prayer to God, as I step into the open-air ring. A red-hot time is spent here, during which the devil got touched up and began to dance in a young man, who, like the vain lady, had spent too much time at the glass, but he overstepped the mark, for the people around did not try to hide their disgust. It proved also to be a powerful testimony as to what for the devil does make of one who is ruled by him. "Very special," shouts the boy-preacher, and follows up with announcements, and off we go to the barracks. A few moments and we are led off at a lively gallop, by the Major and his concertina, until everybody is trying to heat everybody else.

Sunday's Fight.

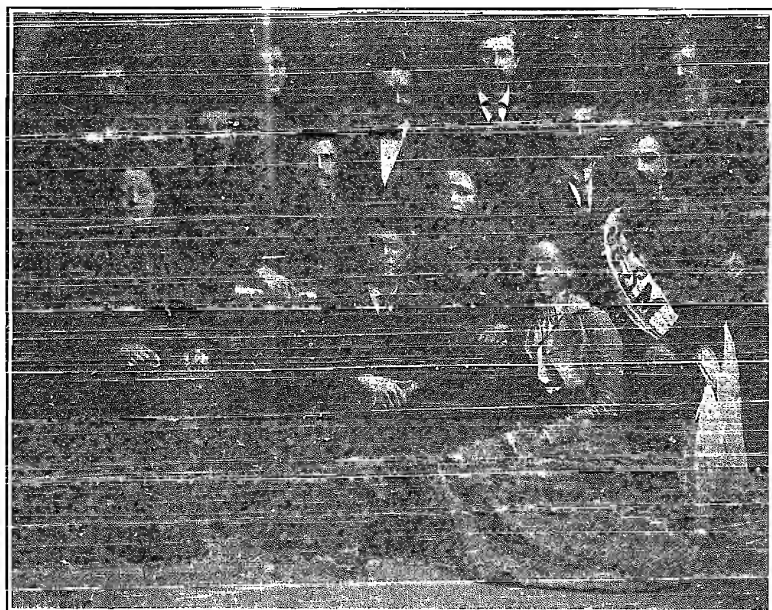
Intense earnestness characterizes the knee-drill, and looking upon the eager, pleading faces of my comrades, I could not help but feel that God would surely never let those who are so unanswerable, and thus it proved, for the holiness meeting was grand. No soul could in any sense misunderstand the way of holiness, or be in ignorance of God's requirements, after having listened to the Major's Bible lesson, through which the Holy Spirit was operating in mighty power, for hearts began to flow, and two supplicants lay at the Master's feet. The fire fell, the sacrifice was consumed, in the afternoon the elements did not seem very pleased, for their brows were dark and lowering, and before we got far from the barracks they poured out their wrath upon us, and we had to return disappointed. This did not deter the people from coming out to hear the major deal with his novel subject. A local paper pronounced this address as a concise, straight, and powerful appeal to man's heart and mind, in dealing with this matter. The Major was blessed with great liberty and power, for on all hands sharp, piercing flashlights of truth flew, and a solemn awe rested on all present, as they were brought face to face with their future, but, like Agrippa, "almost persuaded," and the fiend of hell, dressed in angel's robes, got them to procrastinate.

A good crowd had already got scattered in the barracks when we returned from the march at night. Jacob wrestled, so did our Cornwall braves, until the writer felt it an impossibility for that meeting to close upon the soul-agony of those warriors without souls. The P. O. takes up the Bible, the all-conquering God touches his lips, and living, burning, forceful truths fall and burst upon the crowd as a consequence, making it impossible for the wounded to escape, so that, ere we finished, we had the joy of registering two officers among the slain of the Lord. To God be all the glory, was our last thought and prayer as we passed into the Land of Nod.

The Wedding.

"What mean those cakes and pies, hams and turkeys?" asked a visitor. "Why," says a smiling sister, "our Adjutant is getting married to-night." This proved correct, for a bridal party walks upon the platform, accompanied by Major Turner. The sisters had on white sashes, and Adj. Newman looked as pleased as my little boy does when he gets some candy. "Are you happy?" says someone. "Of course," says the Adjutant, looking over at Capt. Peddell with a beaming countenance. Everybody seemed to be in for a good time, as the hearty laughter showed, which followed some of the little incidents given by the Major in connection with his own married life. The Major then read out the Marriage Vows, and all concerned began to feel the solemnity of the vows taken in the Army ceremony under its colors; but Adj. Newman and Capt. Peddell, being devoted to the war, with a deep reverence for God, do not find it hard to fall in line with whatever demands of self-sacrifice and toll the interests of the Kingdom may entail, and so the "I will" is spoken, and they are declared man and wife. An enjoyable wedding banquet was held at the barracks. Great credit is due to Captain Bloss, Lieutenant Oldford, and the soldiers for the beautiful spread that was provided. Wishing my old friends every joy in their united career, I returned home, blessed, and inspired, and pleased that I was a Salvationist.—Visitor.

Galt J. S. Officers and Helpers.



Willie McQueen. Mrs. Gooding. Treas. McDougall. Father Edgerton.
J. S. Sec. Bro. Mitson. B.O. Allison. Sec. Schwartz.
Lieut. Crafts. Colonel Jacobs. Ensign Hollett. J. S. S.M. Brett.
Bro. Geo. McDougall, Librarian. Sister E. Edgerton.

GOOD, WHOLESOME READING
FOR THE COMING ARMY.
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

We have just received from England the following Junior books, suitable for Prizes or J. S. Libraries. Your order will receive prompt attention. Don't forget to send sufficient money to pay postage.

Published at 6 Cents.

Baby's Delight.
Birdie's Picture Book.
Bible Picture Book.
Mamma's Pretty Stories.
Papa's Present.
Tiny Tot's Treasure.
Matty and Tom.
The Pedlar's Loan.
A Little Loss.
Bobby.
Little Chrissy.
Little Jim.
John Mndge's Cure.
The Broken Window.
Lettie Young's Trials.
Brave Little Boys.
What a Little Cripple Did.
Harry Carlton's Holiday.

Ways of Doing Good.
 Help of Heaven.
 Lessons from this Ant.
 Martin Laver.
 Willie Grayham.
 Nobody Cares for Me.
 Law of Kindness.
 Blind Lily.
 Light in the House.
 More than Conqueror.
 A Thankful Guest.
 Time and Knowledge.
 The Fairies.
 Norah Fairholm.
 Religion and Ruhles.
 A Conqueror.
 The Hard Way.
 A Pilgrim.

Published at 12 Cents.

Little Chimney Sweep.
 Phemie's Fortune.
 Little Cross Bearers.
 Ghost of Greythorn Manor.
 Sunshine and Shade.
 Stories for Little Readers.
 Hidden Talent.
 The Old Castle.
 Children of the Kingdom.
 Dreaming Susie.
 Florence Armstrong.
 Fanny Burton.
 Jessie Graham.
 Blind Alice.
 Amy Harrison.
 Edmund Nicolet.
 Every Child has a Silver Lining.
 Freddy and his Bible Texts.
 Little Henry and his Bearer.
 Giants, and how to Fight Them.
 Live to be Useful.
 Sowing and reaping.
 The Power of Truth.
 The One Moss Rose.
 Stories for the Lord's Prayer.
 Only a Sign.
 Sunny Faces and Released Hands.
 Little Alice's Palace.
 The Boy Friend.
 The Backward Swing.
 Trust in God.
 Love Thy Neighbor.
 Wisdom's Ways.
 The Way to be Happy.
 The Lost Sheep.
 Lesson and the Lesson He Learned
 The Thyn Red Nightcap.
 Only Johnny Brown.
 Grace and Clara.
 Little Clara.
 Love Taken for Children.
 Kees for a Boy.
 A Well Spent Hour.
 Harry Burne.
 The Sister.
 The Head or the Heart.
 The Golden Reins.

Doctor's Little Dot.
 Willie's Gift.
 Jack's Hero.
 Adventures of a Cat.
 The Story of a Persian Cat.
 The Nightingale.
 Cub's Apple.
 Alice's Tea Party.
 Princess Olive.
 Story of a Robber.
 Arthur's Little Friend.
 Fairy of Lisbaw.
 Captain Chittmeyer Sweep.
 Dick's Retriever.
 Archie's Mistake.
 The Launch of the Victory.
 Abby Black.
 Freda's First Lesson.
 Tim's Basket.
 Joe's Partner.
 The Amulet.
 The Little Lacemaker.
 His Own Master.
 The Little Musicians.
 Little Rosa.
 Dorothy's Venture.
 Kenneth's Charge.
 Maggie's Nest.
 The Coral Necklace.
 Rhoda's Victory.
 Edmond Darkie.
 Tim Lisson's First Shilling.
 Only a Little Bird.
 The Lost Baboon.
 The Victory.
 Uncle Dick's Story.
 The Star Boys.
 The Trust Kittens.
 Story of Ned the Shepherd Boy.
 The Brother's Return.
 Message of Hope.
 Kind Action Never Thrown Away.
 The Story of David.
 The Story of Samson.
 The Story of Moses.
 The Story of Joseph.

Published at 18 Cents.

Old David's Lassie.
Leo and Dick.
Oughts and Crosses.
Jerry's Little Nell.
Out of the Shadow.
Hettie and the Sunbeam.
Lost on the Moor.
The Doctor's Sovereign.
A Hard Fought Fight.
Roh and Ralph.
One Day.
Blind Nettie.
East and West.
Little's Home.
Lost Her Shoe.

The Sefton Boys.
Little Pollicie.
Our Laddie.
Lotta's Life Mistake.
The Man with the Knapsack.
Mona.
Katie.
Framliode Hall.
The Princesses of Penrith.
Widow Winpenny's Watchword.
See for Yourself.
Adventures of Johnny Pascore.
The Captain's Story.
The Boy Guardian.
Fam's Brother.

Published at 25 Cents

Michael's Treasures.
Sing a Song of Sixpence.
Sir Benjamin's Bounty.
My Son's Wife.
Daisy of Old Meadow.
Jack Horner the Second.
My Lady Bountiful.
Peter Pongelly.
Bessie Among the Mountains.
Bessie at the Seaside.
Bessie at School.
Three Little Spades.
When I was Young.
Little Bricks.
Maggie and Bessie.
Story of Our English Bible.
Effie's Friends.
Master Martin.
High and Lowly.

Old Umbrella.
Matthew Frost.
Morac.
Susy's Sacrifice.
What Katie Did.
The Kitten Pilgrims.
Geoffrey Hallam.
Story of John Warbeck.
Three Little Brothers.
A Boy's Will.
The Christmas Stocking.
Aunt Jane's Hero.
Little Browns of Hollow Glen.
Scrap's Charge.
Busy Bee.
Dorice.
Led Astray.
Under the Deep Blue Sea.

things which might prove of greater moment. For instance, I recall people who assured me my duty was to stop scribbling and relieve the claret members of the family in the housework. Fortunately this advice did not come from within the home, but from without. I did not heed it. I continued "scribbling," and was able to do far more for my parents, in a few years, than I could have done in a life-time sacrificed in the kitchen. Let your own conscience decide for you what your duty is. It rarely deceives.

Be careful in your choice of books, and form a habit of reading good literature, and of thinking about what you read.

Find out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with all your might, and

Expect to Succeed.

no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something, every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment, if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship, and lasting respect, and worthy love; and, if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember, they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out, and to keep the mind fed with varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cruel check of a misused horse, you have traveled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.

Alm to Excel, but Welcome Emulation

Practice doing your best, but do not be miserable if someone exceeds you. Be willing to be your own best self, which is all that is required of us. A full pint measure is as full as a full quart. Look for the best in people and in life. When the worst presents itself, remember, there is another side. Wait, and it will appear.

Teach yourself early in life to be glad of another's success, sorry for another's failure. The moment you entertain the opposite feeling, you injure yourself. The more you have thoughts you send forth will come to you as events, finally. Thought is the main road to happiness. As you think, so shall your life be. Circumstances are changed by intense thought-action. Happiness comes mainly from within. Every day we hear and read of successful men and women, judged from their worldly standpoint, who are miserable souls. They are unutterably poor, and prosperous is to them common. Nevertheless, prosperity, friendship, success, and, best of all, love, add greatly to the happiness of a happy man.—Ella Wheeler, Whitcox, in Success.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

True prayer in the heart makes it
the home of praise.

"The condition of obtaining God's full blessing is absolute surrender to Him. It is not a matter of degree. What absolute surrender is. You know that everything has to be given up to its special, definite object and service. I have a pen in my pocket, and that pen is absolutely surrendered to its work of writing. If the pen must be absolutely surrendered to my hand if I am to write properly with it. If another holds it partly I cannot write properly. And now, do you expect that, in your immortal being, God can work His great, even His saving work, unless you are entirely given up to Him? God cannot."—Andrew Murray.



us to his conversion, Capt. Cambridge was inclined to be wild and careless about his welfare. One night, being a little the worse of liquor, he had an Army meeting in the town of Faceburg, and there convicted him. A few nights after, Oct. 96, he sought Christ, and found the joy of his soul. He taught



A. Groombridge, Bienenheim, Ont.

ly as a soldier for over two years, and entered the Temple Garrison in October, 1895. He fought four months in the Garrison, and was promoted to the rank of Staff-Capt. Archibald, and a year later he was promoted to the rank of Major. He proved himself a devoted, obedient, willing, and earnest soldier during this time. The Temple was very much impressed with his soldierly qualities, his deeds, and his jovial, good-natured, and won him innumerable friends. Archibald has labored in several capacities for the cause of the cause since, with much acceptance. He is now, by the vote of the church, to his present appointment, and is stationed at Theford, where he is doing his duty very well. He is especially well known for his soldierly qualities, and his present appointment, although reckoned by some as a hard job, is getting a move on the ship leadership of the Captain. He is a very encouraging, and a very good soldier.

grand victory has just been
in the recent Harvest Fea-
effort. The target was more
double last year's amount, but
left away behind, and our com-
are going to be amply repaid
their hard work in connection
the effort by having the barracks
highly renovated, and several im-
ments made.

Captain is a good friend of the
Ory, and generally manages to
e of a good number from time

time he of all things most precious
then wasting time must be the
most prodigality.

thing worth keeping is over lost
s world; look at a blossom—
pps presently, having done its
e, and lasted its time; but
succeed, and where would be
osom's place could it continue?

**IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE
WOMEN'S SOCIAL**

[illegible]

